THEOSOPHICAL PATHFINDERS

VOL. 5
1935

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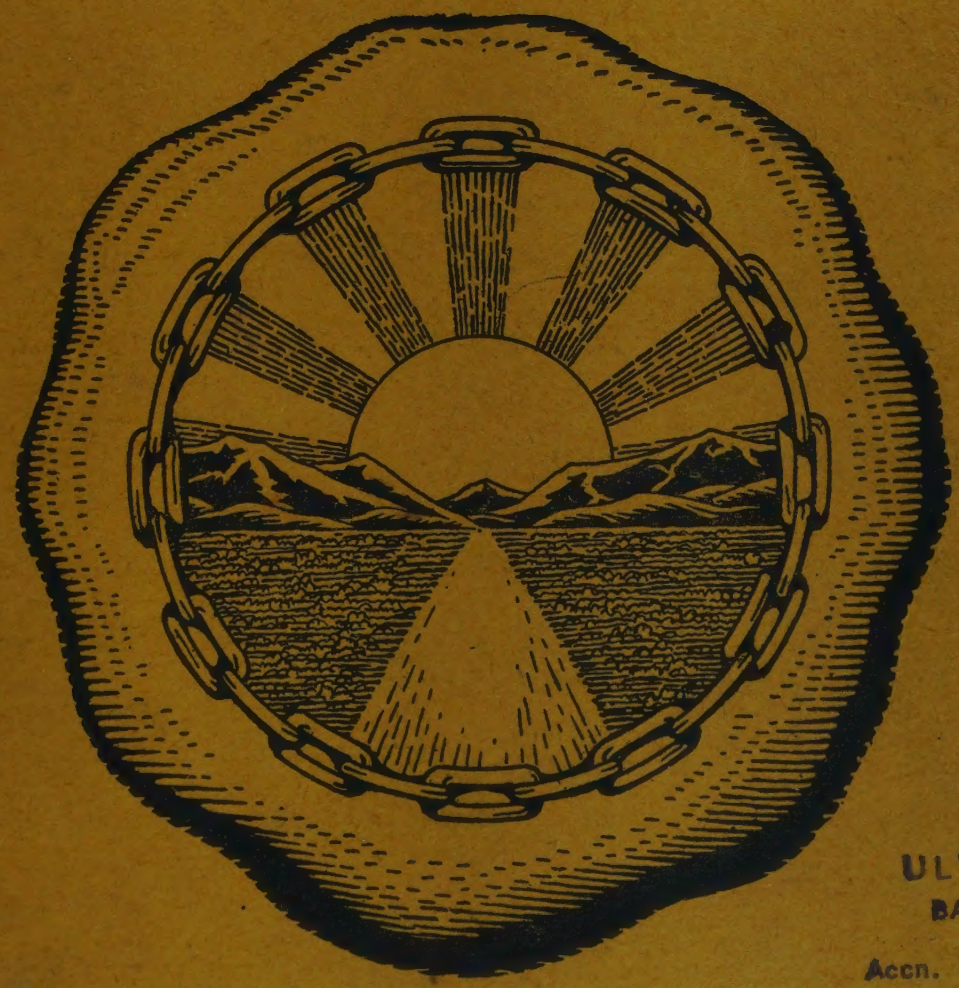

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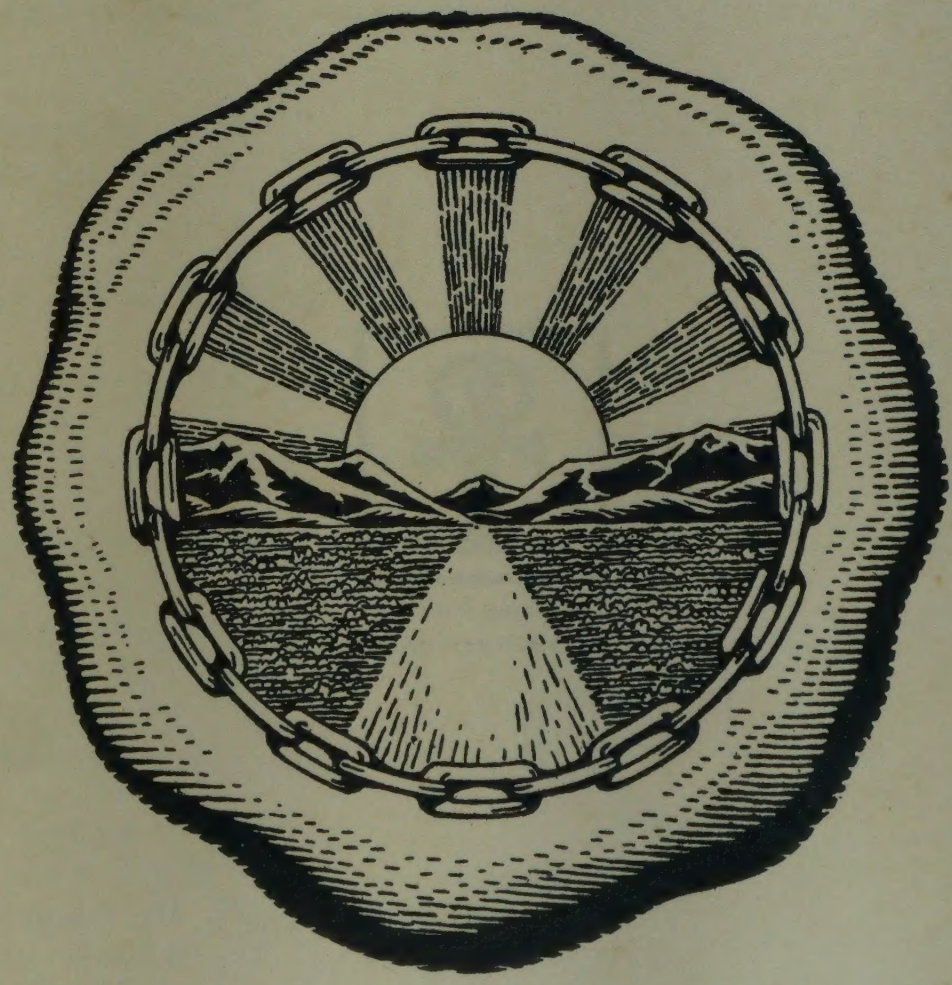
Let us hit the mark, O friend! and that mark is the indestructible, the highest spiritual life we are at any time capable of.

— WILLIAM Q. JUDGE

VOL. V APRIL 13, 1935 NO. 1

Theosophical PATHFINDERS



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— WILLIAM Q. JUDGE

VOL. V

1935 - 1936

THEOSOPHICAL
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I N D E X

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TO

TAKE THE GREAT IDEAS

OF THEOSOPHY INTO EVERYDAY LIFE AND

MAKE THEM A MATTER OF PRACTICAL APPLICATION

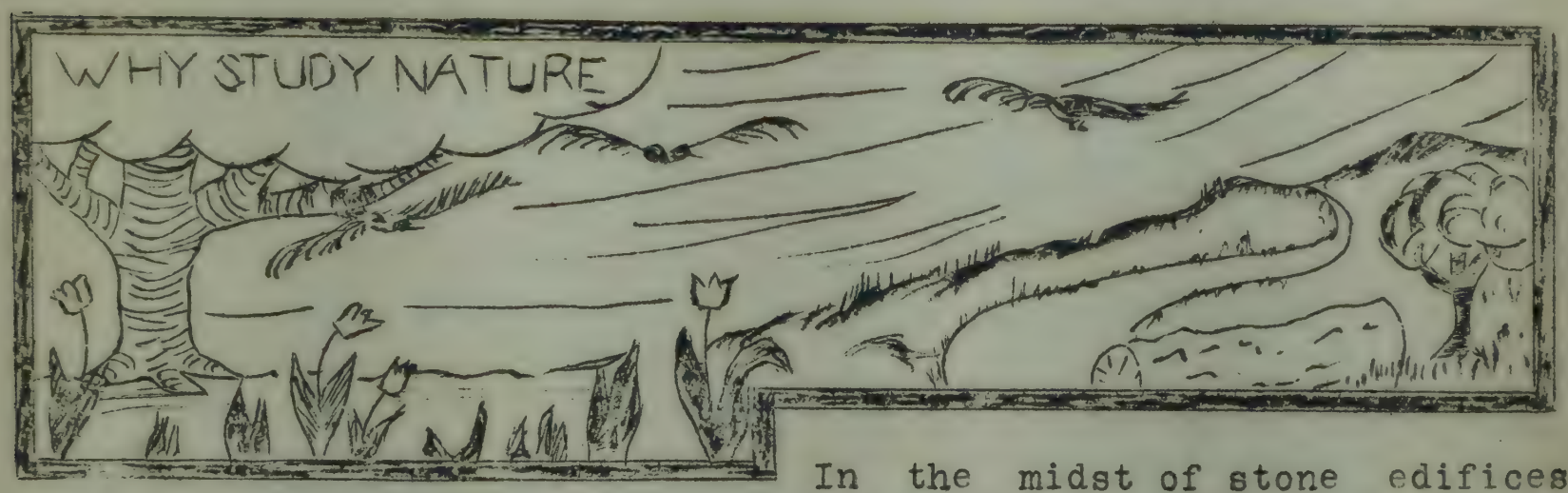
Vol. V April 13, 1935 No. 1.

HOW SHALL WE KNOW HER?

"By their works shall ye know them," says one of the scriptures. So it is by the message of the Ancient Wisdom, presented simply enough for us to understand, that we may truly know H.P.B. Much concerning Her position as a Messenger is revealed by the knowledge that She came at the intersection of at least three great cycles - a time for a Great Being.

Some day the world may share its Savior legends with this Personage. She is near to us in span of years; but how remote must be the full comprehension of Her knowledge and power. Yet Her books and "presence" are today as powerful to light our minds and hearts as they ever were, if we will but seek Her out. And the original impetus She imparted still manifests in those who adhere to Her lines of work.

Many who met Her murmured, "What a strange woman." They were unable to look beneath the "flesh disguise" and find a being of Wisdom and Compassion without limit.



Some of the reasons for studying the plant kingdom are: plants are "neighbors" - part of our environment in the vast community of Being; they have no aesthetic peers, and they are indispensably useful.

Friendship

When we move to another neighborhood, we learn our playmates' names and their characters so that we may call them and know how to make the best of their qualities. Comparably, the astronomer's delving into the composition and relation of the stars, the physicist's atomic experiments and the botanist's less publicised but equally thrilling studies all have been called "scientific curiosity"; yet they are aspects of the desire for knowledge, for the answers to the "whats", "hows", and "whys" of the universe. "Friendship with plants" is only part of what true Brotherhood implies.

Beauty

Trees and flowers have been subjects for artists and poets down the ages. Corot's landscapes, Beethoven's Pastoral symphony, and Kilmer's "Trees" strike natural chords which find reaction in our own being. "How those flowers 'light up' the room?" is frequently remarked. In the midst of stone edifices and hard-wood desks, city dwellers occasionally yearn for the good brown earth and the cool green trees of some lonely country-side. There we may find the sweetly symmetrical daisy or the spirally-wound fir cone whose "friendly" lives are free from recent evil impress by man. Without its green clothes our planet would be a shriveled moon-like corpse.

Practicality

We are dependent on plants for physical existence. Our food and clothing are obtained from plants and from animals who directly or through other animals subsist on plants. Fuel and shelter are largely derived from wood. Without coal we could not make iron or glass. In Jules Verne's "Mysterious Island", Herbert's botanical knowledge was most useful to the castaways. He knew which trees were best for building; which mushrooms, vegetables, and fruits were edible; and how to get wax, and pigments, and medicines from certain plants.

So-called "primitive" peoples all have this knowledge which brings them close to Mother Nature. And we have the opportunity, because we have the key, to achieve even greater intimacy with an understanding of Nature, by an impersonal study of her laws.

"DARK GARMENTS OF ILLUSION"

He has just thrown off his old cloak
And now stands in the cold air;
The icy wind whips his blood to action,
But he is not thinking of the cold.

He is wondering how to show his brothers
That their cloaks are very heavy
And give no warmth,
But keep them damp and miserable
And will not let the stirring wind
Warm to life their stagnant hearts.

Poor fools, they think their cloaks
Protect them from the very wind
Which waits to warm their hearts.
And fan into a fire the inner spark.

"Brothers," he cried,
"Throw away your tattered cloaks.
They are useless and only bring sorrow.
Let the wind carry them off forever!
Then there will be a burning flame
In your hearts, that will warm
The whole world with its love!"

NATURE WONDERS

The articles of the National Geographic Magazines are sometimes veritable treasures in which Pathfinders may find striking examples of the interdependence of Nature. One of these, "Exploring the Mysteries of Plant Life" (June, 1934), tells how plant life works with the other kingdoms of nature for mutual benefit and protection. Some paragraphs are quoted:

"Some plants go still further in protecting themselves. They provide little crystals of sugar on the exterior of the flower, of which certain species of warlike ants are very fond. This enables the plant to maintain a garrison of defenders, and woe betide the beetles that would gnaw its nectar cups!

"About three thousand species make such provision for the maintenance of standing armies. Some of the acacias go even further than this, actually providing sentry boxes in the shape of hollow thorns for their defenders."

"Orange-growers in China and fruit-growers in Italy make use of this relationship between ant and plant by establishing ant hills at the bases of their trees, thereby accomplishing the results we achieve by spraying."

"One of the birthworts, for instance, has hairs in the corolla which permit the ant or other creature to enter, but hold it prisoner until it has crawled all over the stamens and pistils, and is either loaded with pollen by the one, or has had its burden taken from it by the other. Sometimes the imprisonment lasts for as long as sixty hours."

Fig. 5. Monkey

Fig. 1. Serpent issuing from shell
Painted on bowl

Fig. 6. Rabbits

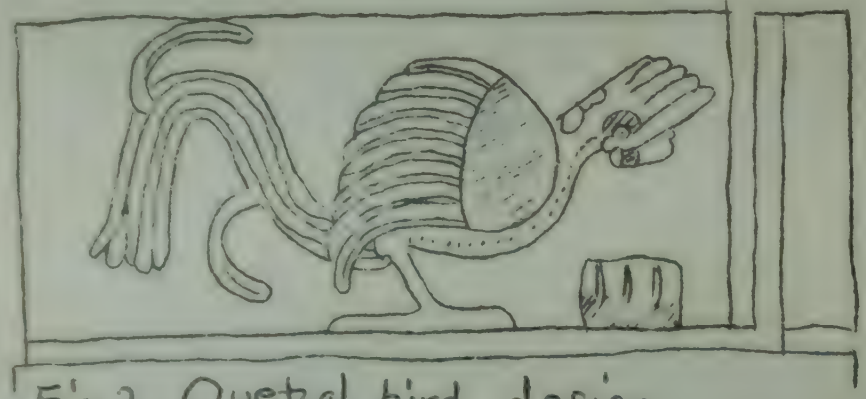


Fig. 2. Quetzal bird design
painted on vase ...

Fig. 3. Design painted on vase

Fig. 4. Two-headed Dragon
(sculpture)

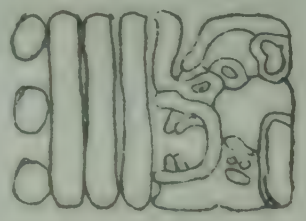


Fig. 7

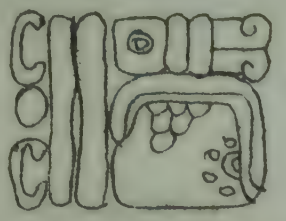


Fig. 8

Fig. 14

Fig. 16

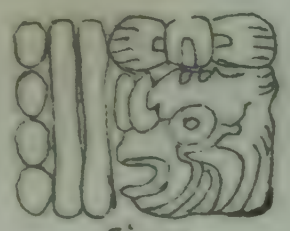


Fig. 17

Fig. 15

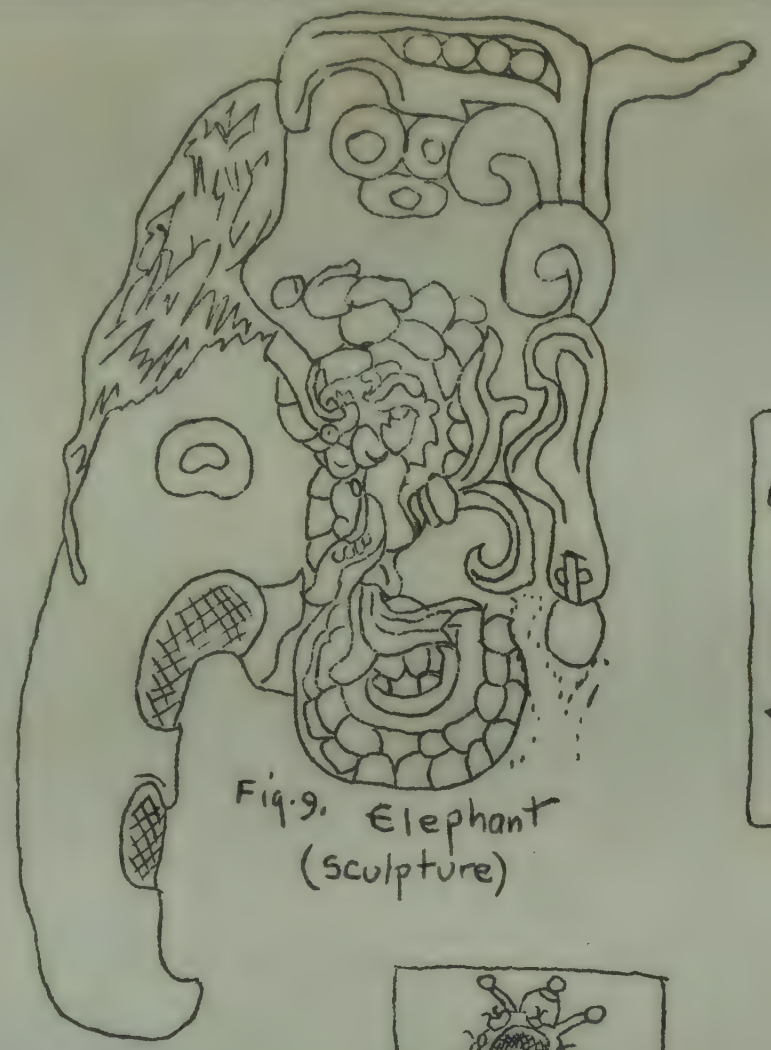


Fig. 9. Elephant (sculpture)

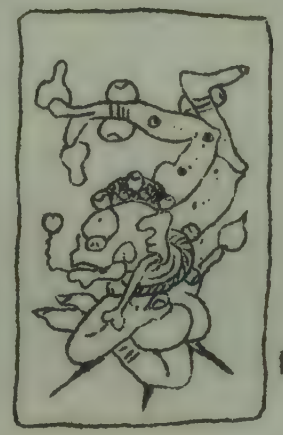


Fig. 11

Fig. 10

Fig. 18

Fig. 12

Fig. 13

Enclosed figures from Dresden Codex

ART OF THE MAYAS

The serpent, the human figure, the gods, the animals, the hieroglyphs; as carved in stone, painted on walls, burned on vases, shaped into ornaments - all show that the Mayan artists were thoroughly familiar with the rules of design, composition, color, perspective, and proportion.

The culture of the Mayas is intimately connected with their religion, which must be understood if we are to appreciate and comprehend the symbolic beauty of their art.

When we look upon their sculpture and paintings we are at first confused by so much elaborate detail, their high conventionalism; and the abstract quality of most Mayan subjects is unfamiliar. But through further careful study, we will be more and more amazed by the wonderful sense of design possessed by these early American artists.

An understanding of the terms, "conventionalism", and "abstraction", will help us to appreciate the "form" side of Mayan art. We say form side, because real art has two sides; the form side and the inner side: matter and Spirit, or body and Soul.

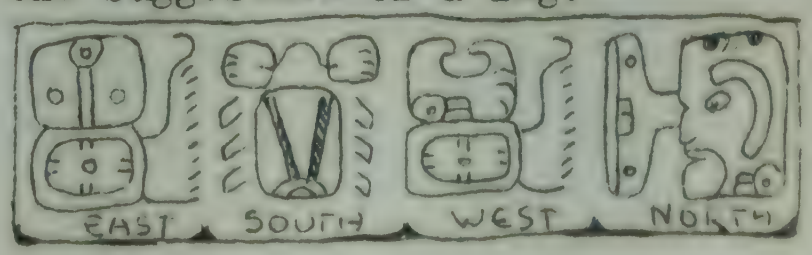
"Conventionalized" and "abstract" are used to distinguish one kind of "form" from the "realistic" or "naturalistic" design. Naturalistic designs show the subject in its realistic form, that is, as we see it in nature, but planned so as to make a pleasing arrangement within a given space.

On the other hand, designs which are made by taking the most characteristic lines and curves in the subject and putting them in a harmonious pattern, are called conventionalized. All parts, even the details, are drawn in this "conventional" manner.

Abstract designs are somewhat the same as conventional designs, but they are so far removed in appearance from the original subject that there is little or no resemblance. Abstract designs retain only the suggestion of the subject, rather than its natural appearance, or even conventionalized appearance.

The serpent motif has been treated by the Mayan artists in these two ways to the highest degree. For examples of conventional treatment, study Figs. 21, 23, and 25. Here we can readily recognize the serpent; that is, no matter into what shapes he is twisted, no matter what is done to him, you can still feel that he is a serpent. This applies to any other subject as well.

On the other hand, study Figs. 20 and 22. Here we have the designs tending toward the abstract. It is not so easy to recognize the serpent here. Still, the lines and curves and other features of the serpent have been used to make up these designs. Fig. 19 is a jaguar design. This is the height of abstraction. The only clues we have to tell us that it represents a jaguar are the spots and the suggestion of a leg.



The sinuous curves of the serpent, scrolls, and the plumes of the Quetzal bird,serve as enrichments of many other subjects.(See tablet from Palenque.) It is perhaps these two features - serpent and plume motifs - found in nearly all Maya designs, whether painted or carved, that prove confusing to our eyes, But if we look with our minds, we will learn to understand, to appreciate and love, the art of the Mayas.

The foregoing applies to the "form" side of Mayan art. We will now still deal with form, but from another aspect, that is, its symbolism.

If we see sculptured a human head in a serpent's or dragon's jaw,(Fig. 4); or of we see feathers, scrolls, and other elements added to the body of the serpent, (Fig. 21); or if we see elaborate headdresses with snakes, birds, plumes, or even if we see grotesque faces, (Fig. 7) and figures sculptured in stone, (Fig. 25); we must not conclude that such art is poor,,or "primitive".

These things are highly symbolic.

Although on the surface the forms may seem unrelated or out of proportion, or crude,they show the inner relations of things. We might say the design, the work of art, possesses significant form. They are effective reminders. Of what? Of their religion, of their ancient Wisdom-Religion.

True beauty is not mere loveliness; nor are those things which lack meaning for us, which are unfamiliar, necessarily not beautiful from the true point of view.

What is the true basis on which to look for beauty in a work of art? Certainly, it must be beyond the form, beyond mere appearance, that we will find its essence. It is the idea, the "Soul" with which it is endowed by the artist.

Sattva, or the quality of goodness, may be regarded as the "loveliness" of form; yet we are told to rise above "the three qualities" which "are sprung from nature", even above Sattva, the highest of the three. There is the Eternal Sattva which lies within us to be realized, - this is Beauty, and Truth as well.

So "grotesqueness" or "crudeness" of form may have significance, reminding one of Beauty, Truth, the inner relations of things.

And so we may be able to understand that the high aesthetic qualities of Mayan art were not wasted on the subjects that appear trivial to many of us; and we are able, as Professor Spinden says, to "approach sympathetically beauty that is overcast with an incomprehensible religion." And as students of Theosophy,perhaps for us this "incomprehensibleness" will pass to deep understanding as we grow in knowledge.

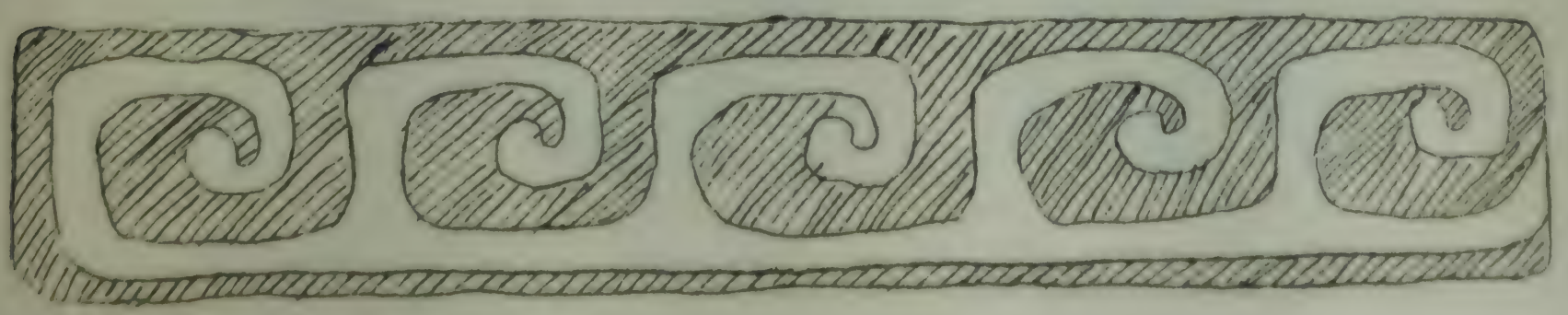


Fig. 21

Fig. 19. Jaguar design (Costa Rica)

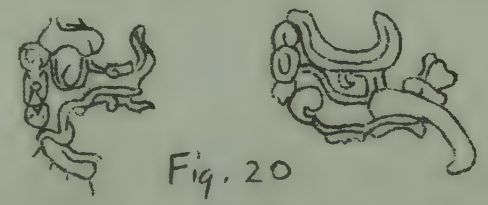


Fig. 20

Fig. 22

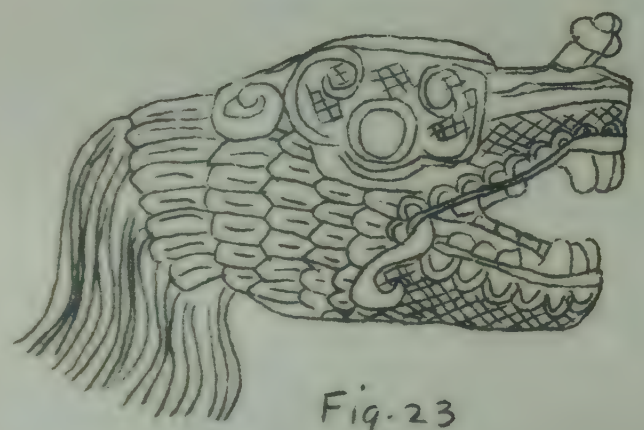


Fig. 23

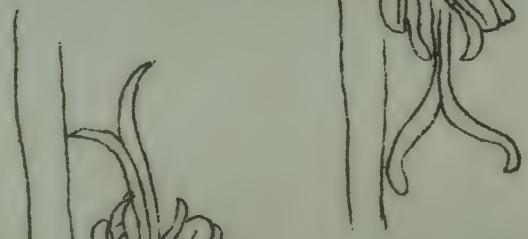


Fig. 24

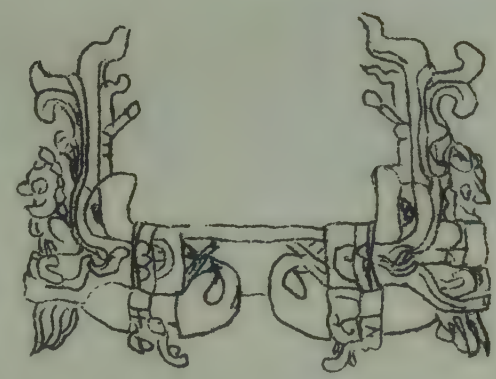
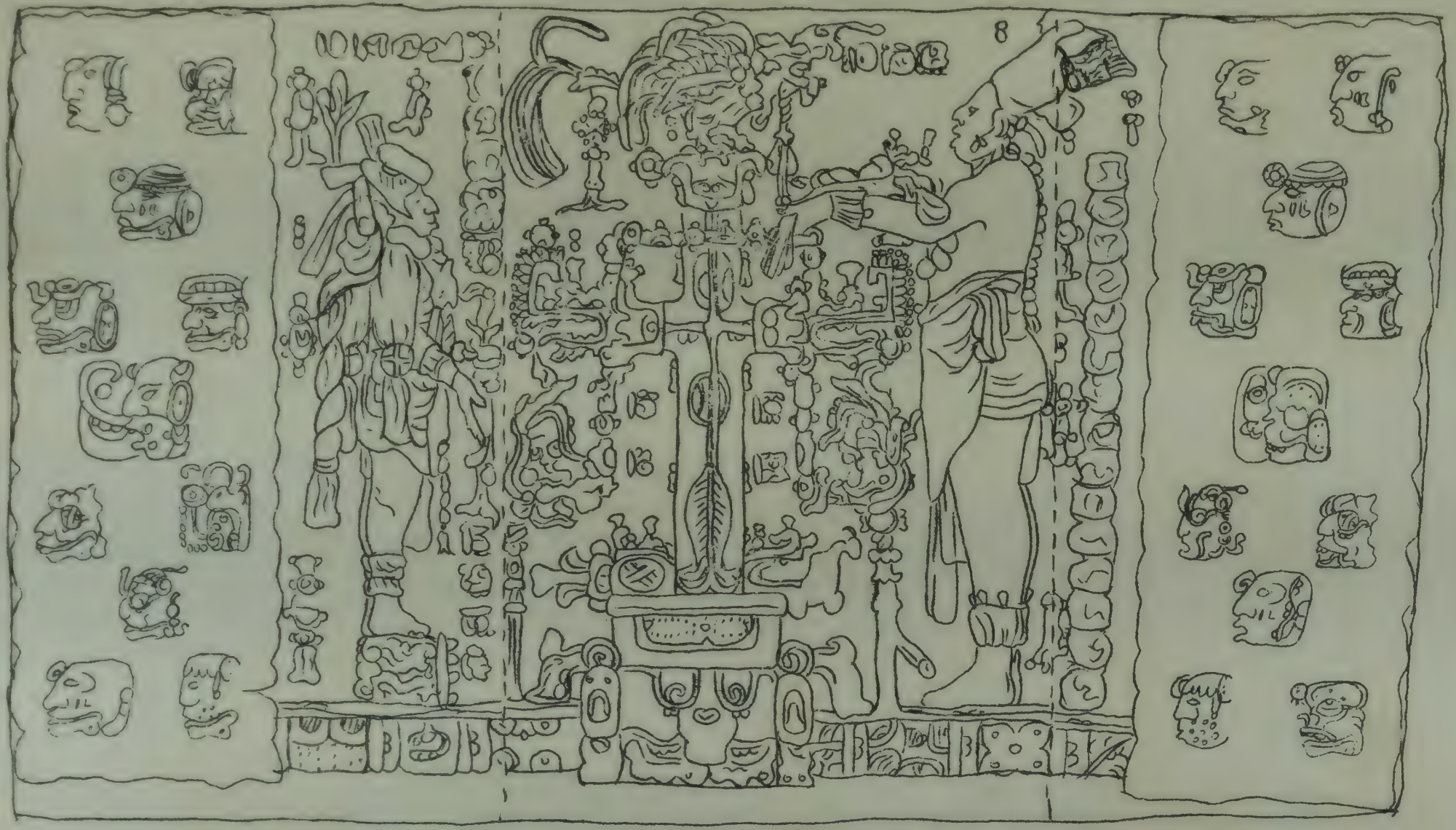


Fig. 25



TABLET FROM THE TEMPLE OF THE CROSS AT PALENQUE, MEXICO.

The heiroglyphs on the end panels replace the original heiroglyphs which are too numerous and too detailed to be drawn here. Those shown are for their artistic merit.

THE LIBRARY After Dorothy Lathrop

Everybody likes stories: short stories, long stories, adventure stories and fairy stories. Oh, there are many, many kinds for us to read and enjoy. There are serious, thoughtful stories, nature stories, symbolic stories.

Perhaps some of you have seen on our library shelf the beautifully illustrated book of "The Fairy Tales of Perrault", containing some of the familiar fairy tales told in a simple way with unusual charm. The accompanying illustrations by Harry Clarke have a delicacy that echoes the beauty of the tales. As we open the book, the first story we see is "Little Red Riding Hood". We can find another way of looking at fairy tales by reading what H. P. B. says of this one in the Secret Doctrine: "In this story we may detect a myth of day and night. Red Riding Hood, the evening Sun, goes to see her grandmother, the Earth, who is the first to be swallowed by the wolf of Night or Darkness. The red cloak is the twilight glow. In the German versions the wolf is cut open by the hunter, and both set free: here the hunter may stand for the rising sun that rescues all from night."

In "The Princess and Curdie," by George Macdonald, a book very popular with younger Pathfinders, we read about Curdie, a little boy who was a miner and worked with his father inside the mountain for the king. The king's daughter was called Princess Irene.

One day Curdie was learning how to use a bow and arrow he had made for himself. Upon seeing a beautiful white pigeon arranging its feathers, he felt a great desire to display his skill, and he shot it. But soon the pleasure of his success faded. He asked himself why he had been sent into this world; surely not to kill its loveliness. He had been a destroyer, he had done a thing contrary to gladness. Deep remorse filled his heart. Just then, the wounded pigeon in his hand fluttered slightly. With joy he realized it was still alive and he ran full speed towards the king's castle to take it to the owner of all the white pigeons, the great-great grandmother of Princess Irene, who lived in one of the castle towers.

Then the story grows very exciting; for Curdie finds he has a mission to perform, and the beautiful little Princess Irene is a great help to him. We won't tell any more about this strange story, or about the wonderfully curious creatures that Curdie finds to help him in his work, but leave to Pathfinders the pleasure of reading of these adventures for themselves.

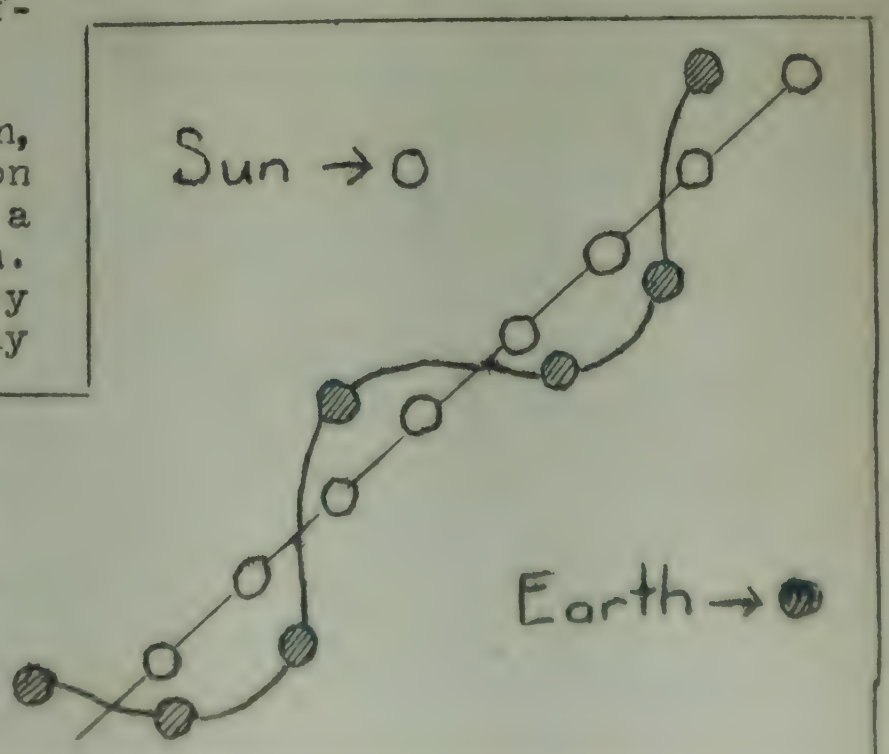
THE GREAT CLOCK OF THE UNIVERSE

The Zodiac is the Great Clock of the Universe, by which the ancients were able to foretell future events. But the confused remnant of this great lost art, which today we call Astrology, is generally derided and laughed at. However, Mr. Judge tells us that changes take place among men and on earth which are exactly signified by the constellations when these are read according to the right rules of symbology. He explains further; "It is not that the conjunction causes the effect, but that ages ago the Masters of Wisdom worked out all the problems in respect to man and found in the heavens the means for knowing the exact dates when events are sure to recur, and then by imprinting on the minds of the older nations the symbology of the zodiac were able to preserve the record and the prophecy. Thus in the same way that a watchmaker can tell the hour by the arrival of the hands or the works of the watch at certain fixed points, the Sages can tell the hour for events by the zodiacal clock.

We, by our thoughts, have produced and are producing the effects signified by the stars.

Each month of the year the sun, because of the earth's revolution around it, appears to be in a different zodiacal constellation. Yet, as the sun makes its journey through the heavens, it actually does pass through the twelve zodiacal constellations in a period of 25,868 years. This "motion" of the sun through space causes a peculiar motion of the earth's axis, the south pole of which remains fixed while the axis at the north pole describes a circle which it completes in a similar period of time, 25,868 years. This gyrating motion of the earth may be likened to that of a spinning top which remains fixed at its peg, while, in addition to its rotation, its body wobbles 'round and 'round. Today the earth's axis points within $1\frac{1}{4}^{o}$ of the North Star. In 6,000 years it will point to the star Alpha; in 13,000 years Vega will be the north star and the axis of the earth will have moved about 47^{o}. Of course, after 25,868 years, the earth's axis will point again to the north star of today which is Polaris.

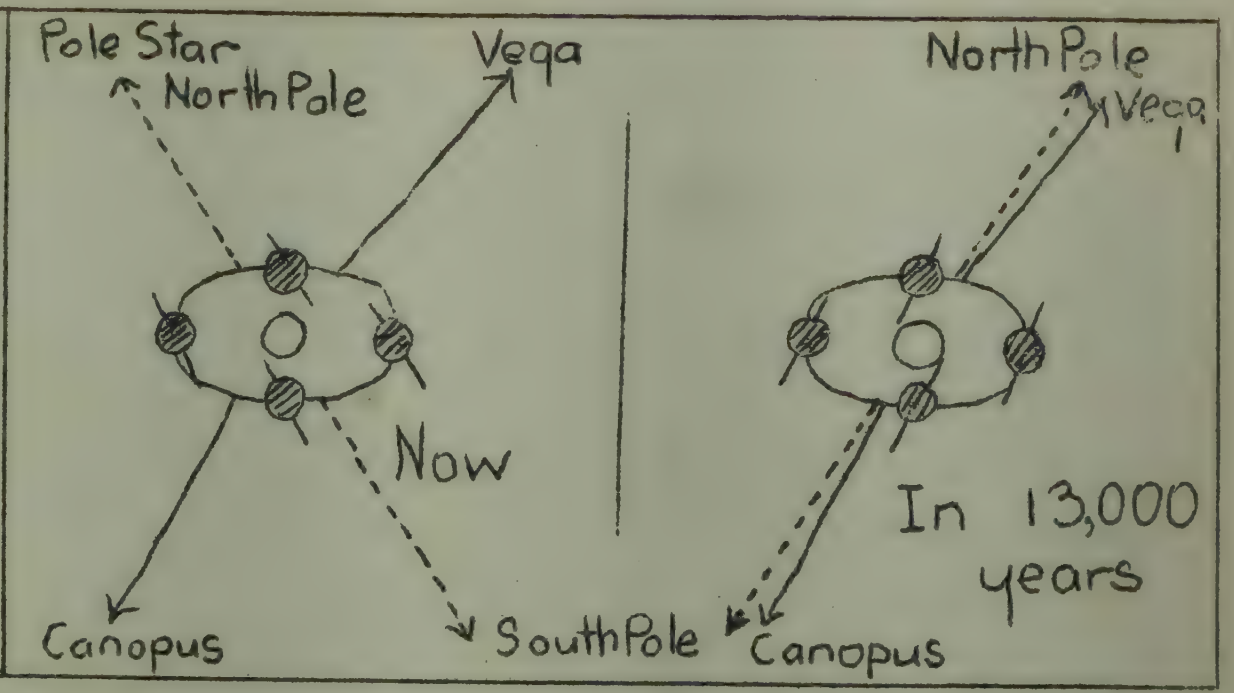
This gyration of the earth is refered to as "Precession of the Equinoxes", and it makes the constellations <u>appear</u> to move forward at the rate of 50 1/3 seconds per year. Hence, since the signs of the zodiac are symbols for the spaces or parts of the great circle which it forms, af-



Real motion of sun through space. (Position of Earth and Sun indicated at 3 month intervals, as seen by observer in constellation of Virgo)

Precession of Equinoxes

Slow change in direction of earth's axis (see dotted lines), and consequent westward motion of the equinoctial points along the ecliptic.



ter a long period of years has passed the constellations appear to have moved forward from these spaces an appreciable distance, until the signs of the zodiac and the constellations after which they were named no longer have the same positons. Today the constellations, because of precession, appear to have moved about 30 degrees away from these signs. As a result, the apparent motion of the sun passes through a zodiacal constellation about a month later than it would, had both the signs and the constellations remained fixed. There was a time, many ages ago, when these two coincided and were one and the same. The sun also makes its journey through the heavens, and actually passes through the twelve zodiacal constellations in a period of 25,868 years.

The first point of the zodiac is called "Aries", ♈. Today, the indication in the almanac that a planet is in that part of the zodiac whose sign is Aries, does not mean that it is in the constellation of Aries. This would be because the constellation of Aries will have apparently moved westward, and would be in that part of the zodiac indicated by the symbol Taurus; whereas the constellation Pisces would occupy the place indicated by the sign of Aries. Thus, picturing in our mind the respective positions of the twelve zodiacal signs, we should have no trouble in understanding what has and is taking place if we remember that the constellations have shifted one place to the right of the sign which bears its name.

In our description above, we have just touched on the natural moveable, and changing zodiac, of which there is also a fixed and changeless aspect.

CORRECTION

In the last issue of this magazine (Vol. IV, p.67) the seasons and signs of the zodiac were listed in the wrong order. The following is correct:

Spring:	Aries
	Taurus
	Gemini
Summer:	Cancer
	Leo
	Virgo
Autumn:	Libra
	Scorpio
	Sagittarius
Winter:	Capricornus
	Aquarius
	Pisces

BULLETIN BOARD

No Greater Love

One day last August, the N.Y. World Telegram's first page told how two colored boys, aged nine and ten years, rescued a drowning playmate. A coroner was called, and he issued a death certificate. The two boys refused to believe this pronouncement and applied artificial respiration until finally their friend sat up and looked around. He now has the coroner's certificate as a souvenir of his friends' perserverance.

Some months ago, stated a recent press dispatch in the Bronx Home News, a Christian missionary his wife and infant were kidnapped by Chinese bandits. The captors had killed the adults and were about to kill the infant, when a young bandit offered his life for that of the child. This substitution of victims is not uncommon in China, so the young bandit was executed by his comrades; and the child was placed, unharmed, in a hut where she was later found.

"Subterranean Passages"

Gustav Stromsvik, head of an archaeological commission of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, now working at Copan, announced the discovery of big stone staircases exposed by recent earthquakes leading to subterranean galleries of a "1,700-year-old" Mayan civilization.
(N. Y. Times - Feb. 20,1935)

"Under a huge statue of a warrior he found a pair of solid gold boots, less than two inches high and marvelously wrought. He discovered various cross-shaped rooms of stone with floors surprisingly well preserved under a coat of scarlet paint.

"Big stone canals and a sewerage system connecting large underground buildings were described by Mr. Stromsvik, who said the treasures were of the utmost value to American archaeological history and, when fully uncovered, would startle the scientific world.

"The buildings, he said, contained large amphitheatres. In them were placed tall statues and monoliths of colored stone, which together with bead collars and other objects will throw an entirely new light on this branch of Mayan civilization.

"Recent earthquakes, which caused much destruction and loss of life, have opened up galleries where none had been known to exist before."

H. P. B. antedated this discovery by almost sixty years She wrote: "The ruins which cover both Americas, and are found on many West Indian islands, are all attributed to the submerged Atlantians. As well as the hierophants of the old world, which in the days of Atlantis was almost connected with the new one by land, the magicians of the now submerged country had a net-work of subterranean passages running in all directions."

("Isis" - p. 595)

Space will not permit the quoting of several fascinating facts about Ancient America which sould be read in "Isis" Vol. II

p. 545-553 and 591-598. Also, see the account of similar tunnels at Monte Alban in Pathfinder Magazine, Vol. III, No, 1.

"Atlantis" No Myth

Just a few years ago it was only the Theosophist who understood the truth about Atlantis, the now submerged land of the great Fourth Race. While the racial and karmic significance of this former continent is still veiled from most people, at least the scientific vindication of the "Atlantis Myth" is almost complete.

F.A. Mitchell-Hedges, a noted explorer whose findings are endorsed by the Museum of the American Indian and the British Museum, says : "I have found the cradle of civilization in Central America," according to the New York American for Feb. 10, 1935.

"Probably this vast area which was swallowed by the sea in a chaotic catastrophe which left its imprint upon all tribal memories, was the legendary "Atlantis." With caution, I say "probably" - though to me the data available even now seems to remove any element of doubt. . .

"A few, fleeing to the mountain tops and uplands - of what very probably was the "Atlantis" of legend - survived for a time upon new-made isl nds. . .

"It was a civilization infinitely older than that of the Maya, who, I am convinced, had developed a culture more advanced than that of any Aryan peoples - of the "Old World" - who were their contemporaries. . . .

" Isn't it possible that the light of civilization traveled, not westward, but eastward - and from that supposedly "mythical" land of Atlantis? . . . .

"I hesitate to estimate the antiquity of this civilization. My own 'speculations' - I label them as such, although there exist certain bases for computation - lead to a belief that this civilization flourished certainly not later than 15,000 B.C., or that possibly it dates BEYOND 25,000 B.C."

The explorer is right when he intimates that all present civilizations had a common origin in the great continent of Atlantis. H. P. B. wrote: "The ancient hieratic alphabets of the Maya and the Egyptians are almost identical." (S. D. I, p.267) However, his chronology is incorrect. Atlantis "went down" 850,000 years ago; while, "although certainly coeval with Plato's Atlantis, the Mayas belonged to the Fifth Continent, which was preceded by Atlantis and Lemuria." (S. D. II, p.35)

A Great Mound

Photographs of tombs, and gold and, electrum ornaments unearthed in the great mound of Tepe Gawre in Northern Mesopotamia by archeologists of the joint expedition of the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania and the American School of Oriental Research, were reproduced in the N.Y. American, Feb. 17, 1935.

The report says: "These are part of the ruins of a city believed to be 5,700 years old . ., the oldest city known to science. Excavations have revealed the relics of at least ten earlier civilizations."

(Underscoring ours - Ed.)

TO

TAKE THE GREAT IDEAS

OF THEOSOPHY INTO EVERYDAY LIFE AND

MAKE THEM A MATTER OF PRACTICAL APPLICATION

Vol. V. May 25, 1935 No. 2.

THE NAMELESS

It seems to me I have been traveling for centuries, crossing to and fro, first one civilization, then another. I have been looking for my true abode.

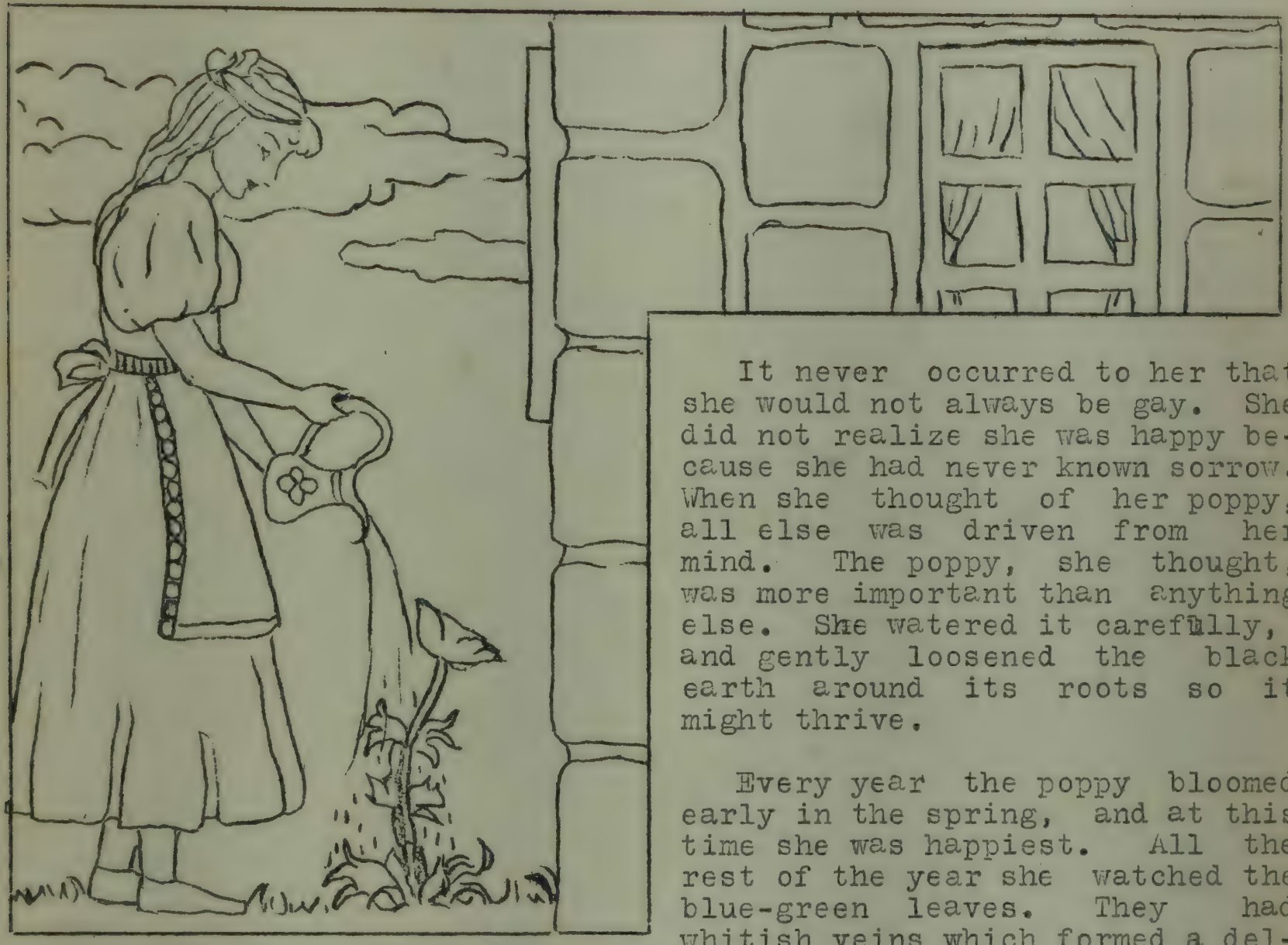
Centuries? It is much more, really, since I am as old as Man himself; as necessary to him (or so he thinks) as is his food and shelter.

You see, ever since Man has been able to think for Himself (and this is surprisingly longer than one would guess) I have been his constant companion. I have been more than a companion; He has made of me a master; yet he is truly mine. For whatever civilization adopts me, I, in turn, adopt its habits and mode of life.

But even though I have seen civilizations come and go, and have lived with royalty and taken sanctuary with priests, I am not happy. I am so greatly misused by everyone. In some cases I am worshipped; in others I am feared. Terrible deeds have been done in my name, and for my sake, though I willed it not.

But I feel that soon I will be in my true home. There is much talk lately of a band of people who strongly desire a true way of thinking about me. They give no promise to "knee-bend" or war in my honor. They are trying to know that all men are essentially myself, that I play no favorites since I really do not exist at all except as a part of each man, from the savage to the king.

If they succeed in making the rest of the world heed them, then I will lose forever my hideous title of the "personal" God.



SOLVEG

Solveg was a young girl whose life of joy was uninterrupted; she had just lived along adoring a treasure in which she found all her happiness. It was . a pale, yellow, velvety,poppy. She loved to watch it, look at it, and examine the rare black stamens as they stood up in the center of the poppy, encircled by the almost transparent yellow petals. These petals were so thin that the movement of the air kept them continually vibrating, ripples of sheer delight passing through them. Their delicate beauty was unearthly. she would run to the poppy on impulse every now and then. Just looking at it restored her energy and filled her with new vitality.

It never occurred to her that she would not always be gay. She did not realize she was happy because she had never known sorrow. When she thought of her poppy, all else was driven from her mind. The poppy, she thought, was more important than anything else. She watered it carefully, and gently loosened the black earth around its roots so it might thrive.

Every year the poppy bloomed early in the spring, and at this time she was happiest. All the rest of the year she watched the blue-green leaves. They had whitish veins which formed a delicate tracery. It was the symbol of her happiness.

Fall came, and gradually, scarcely perceptibly, things began to turn. Sickness crept into Solveg's village. She shrank from the horror and ran to her poppy for consolation, but its leaves seemed slightly furled, almost coldly. She turned away, dismayed; this was worse than all else. Again she looked back hopefully; but no, the leaves were tightening around the stem. Soon, she thought, Spring would come; then the poppy would bloom and all would be well.

Carefully she watched the bud grow. The sickness about her was growing worse and worse. She tried to shut her eyes to it but could not be blind to this suf-

(Continued on page 20)

FIRST STEPS IN DRAWING

The basic principles of drawing are few and simple. It is we ourselves that make it complicated. The very first steps in drawing may be given with a simple leaf. Let it be understood that these first steps, as shown in the illustrations, apply to the drawing of all objects.

Everything in nature has shape; and if this shape is observed and then planned roughly on paper beforehand; the details of the subject can be drawn over the "blocked-in" shape with comparative ease. The lines of the subject may not always be exactly circular, or square, or form a triangle; but one, or a combination of these forms, may express the general shape of the object. If we use such guide lines we have first established the general proportions and position of the object on paper.

Blocking

"Blocking" is the name given to the drawing of these general shapes, because block shapes are made of straight lines showing the basic forms.

When starting to draw an object, look for this general shape or form. Do not start by drawing one end of the object and finishing the drawing completely as you go along; work on all parts of the drawing together, regarding it as a whole. When you are finished, you may notice that something is the matter with your work. Perhaps the various parts are out of proportion to each other. Save time and effort by study of the general form of the object first.

The Process

Before commencing the drawing, we should compare the chief parts carefully. After the general shape is blocked (a), we should draw the most important or largest portion of the object.

The next part, let us say, is less than half the whole shape; so we will draw it roughly that way (b). Next, we notice that the leaf has several main ridges at the top and lower left side, so we draw these (c). Now we draw the curves of the leaf over the main guide lines. In this particular case it is best to draw the curved lines, disregarding the minor ridges (c). These can be drawn in as the next step (d), after we have made sure that the parts of the leaf are in proportion. With the drawing of the ridges, we can put in the veins and the stem, and after checking up with the leaf and correcting parts that are faulty, we can call our drawing finished (e).

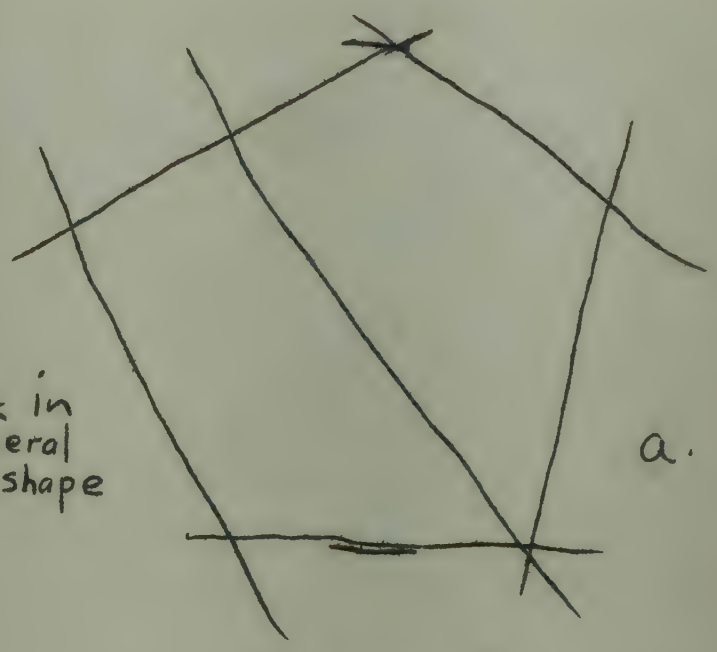
Line Work

It should be remarked that up to the final step the object should be blocked in light lines. In case of a mistake we should not erase these lines, but simply draw the corrections over them. These first lines will show, by comparison, where any faults lay. When ready to complete the drawing, the correct lines should be drawn more heavily.

In drawing curved shapes, a good idea is to draw a straight line through the center of the

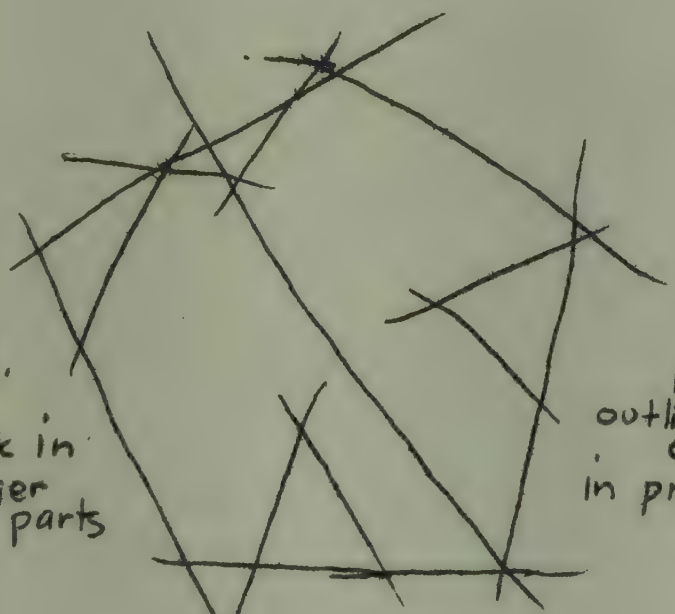
(continued on page 20)

The Subject



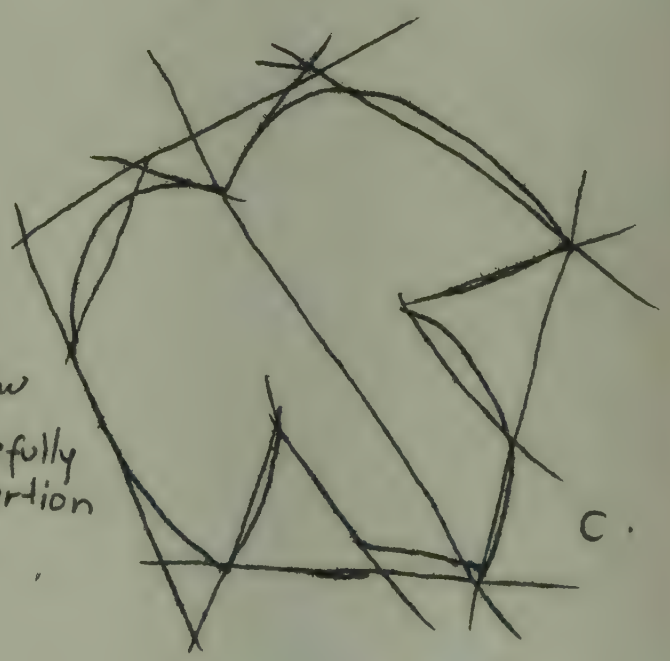
Block in general shape

a.



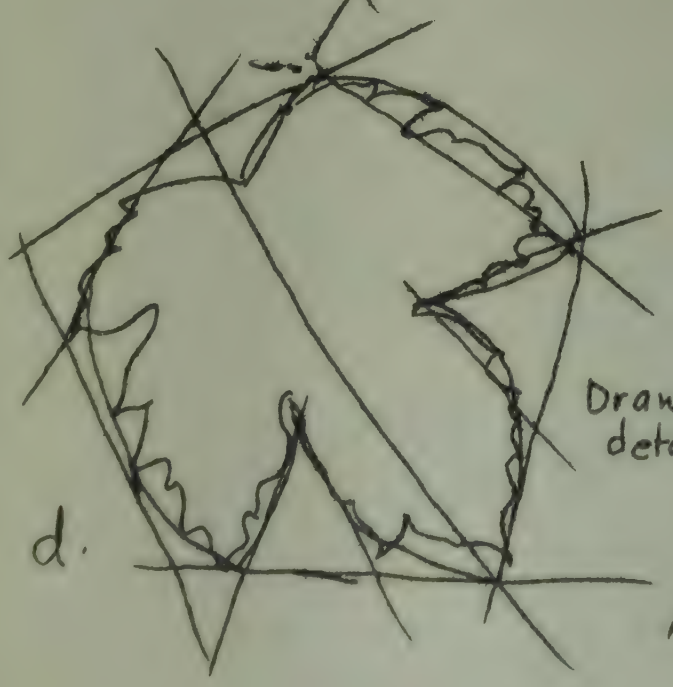
b.

Block in larger parts



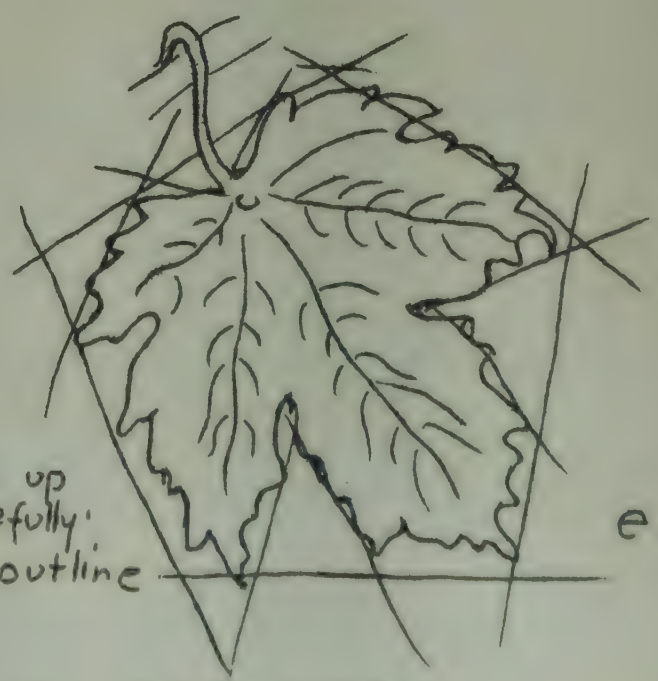
Draw outline carefully in proportion

c.



Draw in details

d.



Finish up carefully. Accent outline

e.

FIRST STEPS IN DRAWING

DANIEL BOONE

"When Daniel Boone goes by at night,
The phantom deer arise,
And all lost, wild America
Is burning in their eyes."

Let us take ourselves back to pioneer days and make believe that we are conversing with Daniel Boone a few months before his death. He is telling the story of his life:

"It was a grand place to be a boy, in the Pennsylvania country in the 1740's, and I made the most of it. In the silence of the forest that surrounded our house lurked romance. The forest had been my nursery, my playground, and my school. It was a wise teacher. About the age of fourteen, the task of hunting for the family was left to me. When I married I had my own home, and at the back door lay the mountains. I felt a great desire to explore the land beyond the ranges. But there was a family to support and the years passed by till I was thirty-five.

"One day I met a man who had actually seen that country. His name was Finlay, and the tales he told were music to my ears. I could wait no longer, and in May, 1769, I organized a party of six and started out. Five weeks later we found ourselves on the crest of the mountains. Excitedly we made our way to the new region, but here we met disaster; with five companions I was captured by the Indians but I soon escaped and was happy when I found my brother who had followed our track. I lived with him in a cabin during that winter but when spring came he returned eastward while I stayed alone in the forest. Two months later my brother rejoined me and we planned to move with our families into Kentucky; but again the Indians caused our expedition for a settlement to fail. Later, after a hard struggle with the Indians, I founded a second settlement which was named Boonesboro.

"Years later upon the admission of Kentucky into the union, it was my ill fortune to lose all land holdings as a result of faulty titles, so I went on, moving forever westward, away from people and settlements, into the wilderness of Missouri.

"Now, at last in 1812, the United States has recognized me, and my claim to a tract of land is fulfilled. I am an old man now, seventy-seven years, and I feel it is wonderful to have played a part in opening the great west for a new country - America."

"AND WE MAY ALSO CLIMB"

The snowy clouds they float on high,
Above our heads. There in the sky
The raindrops stored in filmy white
May see the treetopped country wide,
May see the roadways made by men
Stretched out o'er grass-grown land, and watch
The tiny mortals come and go;
From time to time they rain their soft
Sweet tears upon the earth below.

But we with children's eyes so clear,
When bright the rainbow bridge appears,
May climb up in the sky to see
The great evolving stage of years.

ATLANTIS

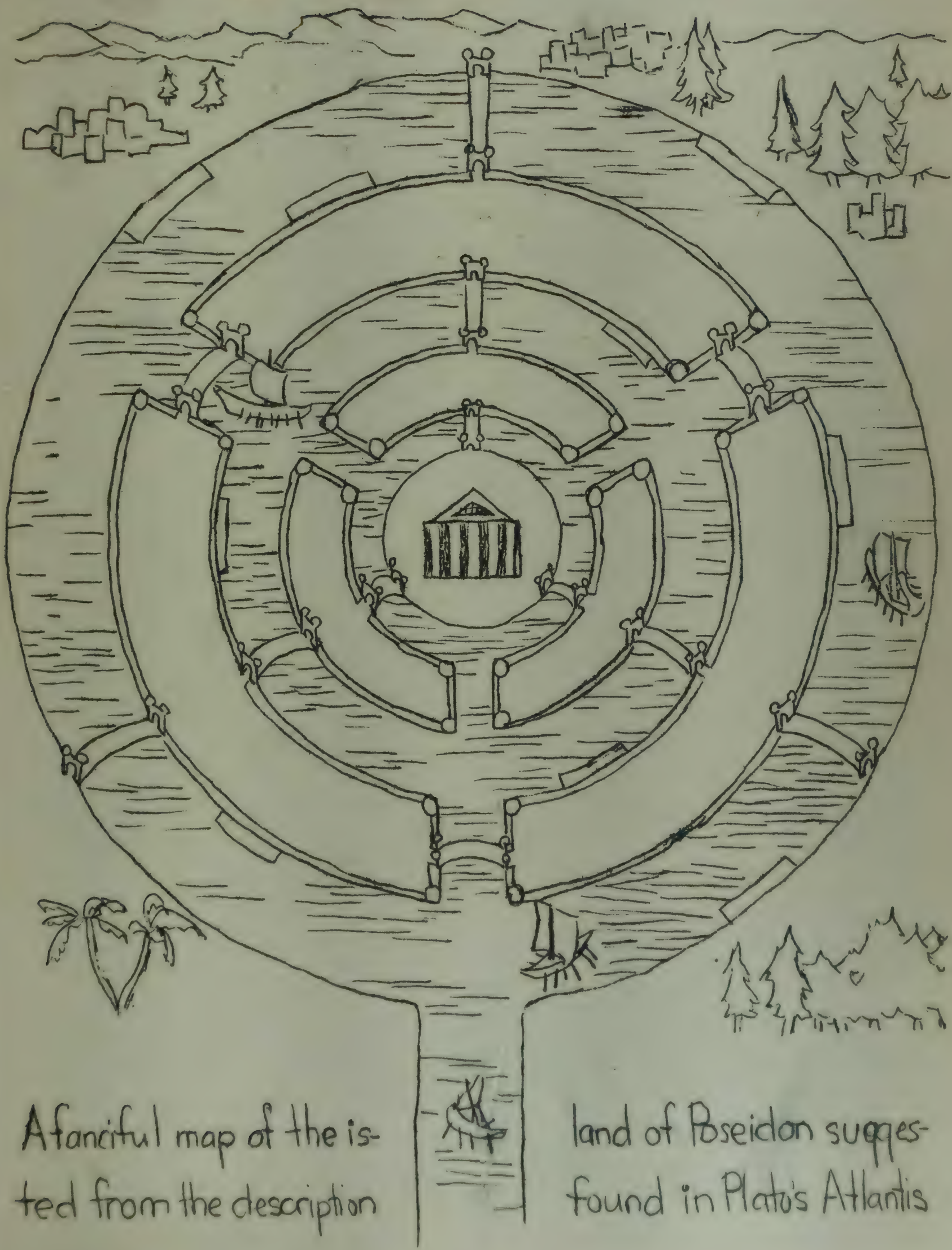
Long, long ago a vast and highly cultured civilization stretched from Gibraltar, at the mouth of the Mediterranean Sea, to the Americas, including much of that great continent, and many large islands. This story is to be about one of these great Atlantic islands, the last to be submerged, says H. P. B. According to Plato, the tale was told by Solon, famous Athenian legislator, who had it from an aged Egyptian priest of Sais, on the Nile Delta.

Atlantis was once the home of a great and beautiful civilization, where in its early days all the arts and sciences flourished under the rule of sages. But when the people became too enwrapped in worldly affairs, they lost hold of their great spiritual possessions to the extent that finally there came a great cataclysm, and the entire continent, save for a few small islands, was submerged. Plato's account of the last of these islands tells about the life of the people of Poseidon, ruled by a line of divine kings, who governed truly and wisely.

Myth relates that the God, Poseidon, fell in love with the daughter of an earthly couple, and to the God were born ten sons in five twin births. In order to make the land a suitable and secure dwelling place for his wife, he surrounded the low hills in the center of a great plain with alternate belts of land and water, two of land and three of sea. To each of his ten children he gave part of the island. The eldest son was named Atlas, and his kingdom called "Atlantic".

The island contained great wealth in mineral resources. On its fertile soil grew spices and plants of every description. There were vast numbers of elephants. Besides these great natural resources of the country, the people "displayed a marvelous industry and skill in engineering and constructive arts. For in the center of the island they built a royal palace, each succeeding king trying to surpass his predecessor in adorning and adding to the building. . . . Now the formation of zones or belts round the ancient abode of the god was very regular, the circumference of each zone being equally distant from the common center; and the outermost zones of sea and land were each three stades (one stade is about 606 feet) broad, and the next pair two stades each, the succeeding zone of sea being of one stade, while the central seat itself had a diameter of five stades. And they bridged over the water zones (the width of the bridges was about 101 feet), making a way from and to the palace, and dug a great canal from the sea to the outermost zone of water, wide enough to admit the largest vessels.

"They also made water - ways through the zones of land, wide enough for a trireme (a ship with three banks of oars) to pass, and roofed them over, for the height of the land zones above the water was considerable. Moreover, they enclosed the island, zones and bridges with stone walls, placing towers and gates at the bridges. The stone they quarried from the face of the center of the island and from both faces of the land zones, at the same time fashion-



A fanciful map of the island of Poseidon suggested from the description found in Plato's Atlantis

ing a line of docks on each bank of the water zones, leaving a natural roof of rock.

"The stone was of three colors, white, black and red, so that many of the buildings presented a gay appearance. The whole circuit of the wall of the outer zone was covered with brass, which they used like plaster, of the inner zone with tin, and of the acropolis itself with orichalcum (now a mere name, but then the most precious of all metals save gold), which was of a glittering appearance." (From "Theosophy", Volume III, p. 165)

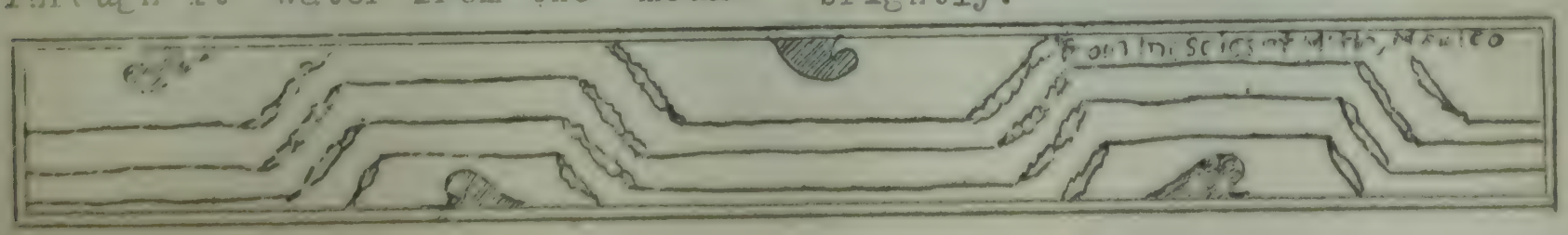
Here in the acropolis were both hot and cold springs for public baths. The land was irrigated by a system of agueducts and canals enabling the prople to raise two crops a year. The many docks along the canals and "belts" of water were the scene of busy trading and shipping. From the city to the sea extended a great canal, and about fifty stades from the outer belt another wall met it at the sea entrance. The thickly populated section between this wall and the outer belt of water was where much of the commerce and merchant shipping of the land was carried on.

The rest of the great plain was dotted with prosperous villages, beyond which towered great mountains. This great oblong plain, three thousand stades long and two thousand stades wide, was bordered by a canal of almost incredible size. It was about 101 feet deep, 606 feet broad and upward of 1,250 miles in length. Through it water from the mountains was spread about the country and finally reached the ocean.

This country had an army of more than a million men, and a navy of two hundred and forty thousand men and twelve hundred ships. Each of the sixty thousand wards or counties into which the plain was divided contributed to the armed forces of the land.

The government of the Atlanteans was an autocracy, and the ten kings governing the ten great sections of the island "followed the traditional law of their divine progenitor", which was inscribed on a column in the temple of the deity. They would come together in cycles of alternately five and six years, and after a holy ceremony, proceed about their offices. After these solemn rites in which they swore to act according to the laws on the column, they judged and inscribed their decisions on tablets of gold. "And the chief of these enactments were that the kings should never wage war against the other, but should ever give mutual aid should any of the cities try to destroy the royal race; and the chief power was assigned to the Atlantic race..."

So under these wise laws the cities lived in peace for many generations. But gradually the divine influence of the kings lost hold on the people. Forgetful, they degenerated, and were led to destroy their most sacred possessions. Thus, let us profit from their experience, and strive to keep the spark of wisdom in the hearts of all of us burning brightly.



NEW BOOKS ACQUIRED BY OUR LIBRARY

"Getting Acquainted With Minerals", by George Letchworth English: A fascinating survey of minerals illustrated by large photographs that forbid our ever again thinking of a mineral as "just a stone". The book is clearly written and is fine for both children and grown-ups. It contains many diagrams and will be most valuable in connection with our study of nature.

"The Voyages of Columbus", by Washington Irving, makes Colombus a brave, strong character for us, living so long after. The tale of his crossing the Atlantic (we know he was not the first) will fascinate Pathfinders, young and old.

"Abraham Lincoln" by Carl Sandburg: A book showing great insight into the nature of Lincoln. It deals with "The Prairie Years" or the time up to his election to the presidency. A most interesting youth of one who later was of great service to his country.

"The Friendly Philosopher": How lucky Pathfinders are to have this friendly book of advice, warning, and, best yet, encouragement, by the one who kept the message of Truth pure when others strayed, who started U.L.T., without which Pathfinders would not exist: Robert Crosbie - the friendly Philosopher.

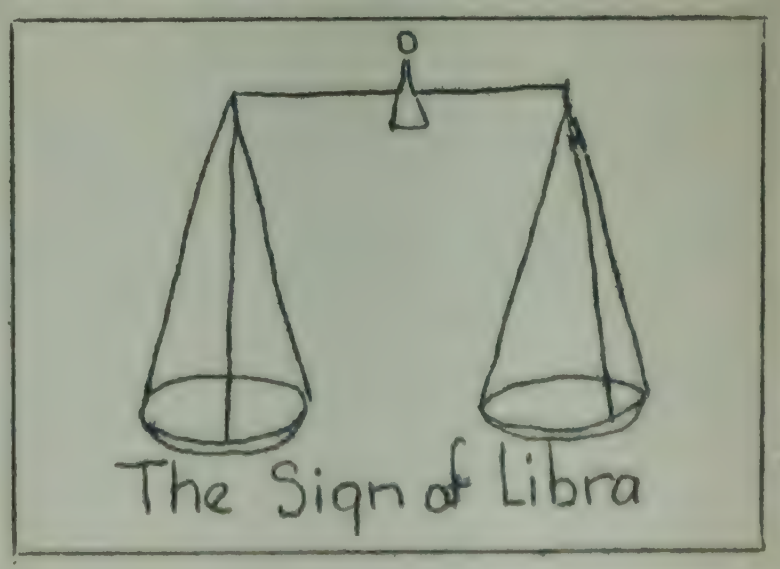
QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

In Vol. IV, "Theosophical Pathfinders", on page 67, I read about the Zodiac. There the twelve signs are given only in latin. What do the words mean?

Below is given the English equivalent of the Latin Terms:

Aries,	The Ram
Taurus,	The Bull
Gemini,	The Twins
Cancer,	The Crab
Leo,	The Lion
Virgo,	The Virgin
Libra,	The Balance
Scorpio,	The Scorpion
Sagittarius,	The Archer
Capricornus,	The Goat
Aquarius,	The Water Carrier
Pisces,	The Fishes

The twelve signs of the zodiac are given not only in latin, but are to be found in many tongues among many different peoples. But each constellation, though symbolized by different words in different languages, has the same meaning. The significance of the constellations is, therefore, universal, the same for all peoples, and is truly understood only by the sages who tell us they contain in them the means for knowing events that must take place in the future.



Bulletin Board

Giants

"The long-awaited search for British Columbia's long lost 'mystery' race of men, missing for more than 2,000 years" will soon be undertaken. ("The Literary Digest", January 19, 1935.)

"Recent diggings near Vancouver have led the anthropologists to believe that a race of giant clam-eating shore-dwellers inhabited Canada's West Coast thousands of years before the settlement of white men.

"The basis of this belief is the unearthing of skeletons; great mounds of clam shells, and other traces of the forgotten race have been found, but its identity still is a mystery."

This is no mystery at all to the Theosophist. In Vol. 21 of "Theosophy", page 222, we find:

"H. P. B. remarks that the ruins which 'cross North America along the Rocky Mountains' (ruins largely yet undiscovered or unrecognized by science), are the work of the Cyclopes, the actual giants of old - and of Atlantean origin. Significantly, therefore, a road gang in British Columbia discovered a number of skeletons of a prehistoric race whose "skull formation was much larger and of different shape than others discovered in the same district." It was found that the localnIndians had legends of a race of giants who inhabited the country before the coming of the Mongolian peoples. The old story again: the large-statured remnant of older Atlantean sub-races destroyed by a newer invading subrace or the forerunners of a new stock entirely."

Shifting Sands

The N. Y. Times, Jan. 21,1935, printed the following report from Lanchow, China:

"In the shadow of a gigantic brass Buddha, excavators were hewing out today some historically important evidences of the beginnings of the Buddhist religion in Central Asia and possible connections with ancient Babylon.

"Hundreds of rolls of Buddhist classics, musty with the age of centuries, have been dug out from layers of wind-piled sands hiding the temples and courtyards of a monastery that flourished about 1,500 years ago.

"The classics, in Chinese and Sanskrit, make frequent references to the wonders and beauties of a far-off city believed to have been Babylon. In the same area archaeologists have found earthenware strikingly similiar to true Babylonian pottery.

"Historians are particularly interested in finding out something about the Nestorians, the Christians who were active in Western China about the time the sands began to close in about the monastery.

"The site of the discoveries is the district of Tung Huang, a once populous region now submerged in shifting sands blown by winds which create an eerie humming, a sound that is to the natives the sighing of the souls of Buddhist priests of old."

"Isis Unveiled" is full of fascinating and pertinent facts; and on this subject wefind,

"Around no other locality, not even Peru, hangs so many traditions as around the Gobi

Desert. In Independent ' Tartary this howling waste of shifting sand was once, if report speaks correctly, the seat of one of the richest empires the world ever saw. Beneath the surface are said to lie such wealth in gold, jewels, statuary, arms, utensils, and all that indicates civilization, luxury, and fine arts, as no existing capital of Christendom can show to-day. The Gobi sand moves regularly from east to west before terrific gales that blow continually. Occasionally some of the hidden treaures are uncovered, but not a native dare touch them, for the whole district is under the ban of a mighty spell. Death would be the penalty. Bahti - hideous, but faithful gnomes - guard the hidden treasures of this prehistoric people, awaiting the day when the revolution of cyclic periods shall again cause their story to be known for the instruction of mankind." (Isis, Vol.I p. 598)

"Marco Polo - as a matter of course - mentions more than once in his curious book of Travels, these tricky nature-spirits of the deserts. For centuries, and especially in the last one, had his strange stories been completely rejected. No one would believe him when he said he had witnessed, time and again, with his own eyes, the most wonderful feats of magic performed by the subjects of Kublai-Khan and adepts of other countries. On his death-bed Marco was strongly urged to retract his alleged "falsehoods," but he solemnly swore to the truth of what he said, adding that "he had not told one-half of what he had really seen!" There is now no doubt that he spoke the truth. .

"Describing his passage through the great desert of Lop, Marco Polo speaks of a marvelous thing, "which is that, when travellers are on the move by night . . . . . they will hear spirits talking. Sometimes the spirits will call him by name . . Even in the daytime one hears these spirits talking. And sometimes you shall hear the sound of a variety of musical instruments, and still more commonly the sound of drums." (Isis, Vol.I p. 603-4)

Lincoln

A tribute to Abraham Lincoln is never "out of season". An excerpt from an editorial in the N. Y. Times, Feb. 12, 1935, confirms W. Q. J.'s statement that "Saviors of nations such as Washington, Lincoln and Grant, owe their elevation, their singular power, and their astonishing grasp upon the right men for their purposes, not to trained intellect or long preparation in the schools of their day, but to these very unseen Adepts, who crave no honors, seek no publicity and claim no acknowledgment. . . . Lincoln always felt that in some way he was to be an instrument for some great work." ("Theosophy" Volume 23, p. 192)

Said the "Times": "Patient with the course of events, he was also patient with stupid or perverse men. They amused him, or sank him on occasion into deeper melancholy, but they never brought from him a flash of anger nor did he ever fail in treating his political opponents and public enemies with consideration. Not in one of his speeches or public messages or, so far as we know, in a private letter, did he ever indulge in violent or revengeful language about the men who, he believed, were bent upon breaking up the Union. He opposed them, he fought them, but he did not rail at them. In wonderful contrast with some utterances

which came from the South; his words concerning the confederacy and its leaders were always magnanimous. It was an extraordinary display of his large and humane impulses."

FIRST STEPS IN DRAWING
(Continued from p. 6)

object, to help us get the general direction and relation of the sides. A guide drawn through the middle will also help us to get its height correct. Dimension points should be placed first on the paper, together with the guide line. These points will determine the size and proportion of the drawing.

Finally, shadow parts may be made with a heavier line, to bring out the character of the subject. By leaving out all unnecessary shading, it is easier to show the true character of the leaf or flower or whatever we are drawing.

If you find your drawing goes beyond the dimension points, don't erase the points and place them to fit the drawing; try to make the drawing fit within the limits set down. This is good practice - it is good drawing.

SOLVEG
(Continued from p. 12)

fering. The poppy was about to bloom; Solveg rushed to it the next morning and... Alas, -it had not quite bloomed. The edges of the pale yellow poppy were slightly tinged with brown; the next day they were darker, and as the days went by the bud faded without blooming. Solveg was plunged in despondency.

Fall came; and the sickness was much worse. The work to be done increased greatly and Solveg in misery started to help. More work was piling up, and she fell in with these growing duties gradually.

Her work of tending the sick kept her indoors all day. She had no time for her poppy; she was too busy -- so many people to care for, work to do, through the long winter months. Solveg had no time to water the poppy, no time to loosen the black earth around its roots. The poppy would have died if every day it had not rained early in the morning. Softly it was watered at dawn by beautiful prisms of falling water. Now Solveg never had time for thought about her poppy, the symbol of her happiness. Forgotten, it grew under the window of the house and almost reached the sill. Now that spring had come the poppy was getting taller and taller.

There was less sickness in the village, and the patients were getting better. One morning Solveg suddenly realized that again it was Spring. Glancing up, she looked out of the window. Her heart was filled with rising rapture as she saw the pale yellow velvety poppy just peeking over the edge of the sill.

FINIS

TO

TAKE THE GREAT IDEAS OF THEOSOPHY INTO EVERYDAY LIFE AND MAKE THEM A MATTER OF PRACTICAL APPLICATION

Vol. V June 22, 1935 No. 3.

ROBERT CROSBIE

Robert Crosbie was a quiet man, but with the earnest quietness that betokens a steadfast worker. He, like the others, never drew attention to himself; and thus, we who are enabled to judge of his true greatness by the monument of his achievement, wish also that we could know Robert Crosbie, the man.

He performed his duty unheralded and unrecognized, save by a few loyal students who knew him for what he was. It is from these few that an occasional reminiscence brightens our understanding, and brings us closer to the real being.

The following is one of these incidents: Mr. Crosbie who had a real appreciation and love of nature was spending the day with a friend in one of the canyons that cuts its course through the California foothills. On their return to the car his companion discovered that he had lost a pocket-knife that he prized very highly, and after searching vainly had mentioned his loss to Mr. Crosbie. His first reaction was one of sympathy: "About where do you think you may have lost it?" he asked, and added, "Perhaps I can help you find it." He would not hear of his friend's protests, and they started back up the trail in search of the elusive object, with Mr. Crosbie in the lead. When he considered they had walked far enough, he removed his own knife from his pocket, and opening it, placed it point forward in his hands, with his thumbs extended along the blade. Fixing his eye on the point he walked slowly ahead until he came upon the missing knife, lying where it had fallen.

Perhaps it is not for us to attempt to explain this incident, but one fact stands out - how little we know or understand about the true culture of Concentration.

"THE FRIENDLY PHILOSOPHER"
By Robert Crosbie

"Some letters tied with blue," says an old song - blue for remembrance. And this book is certainly a wonderful collection of letters that everyone would do well to study, think about, and remember, because they contain a wealth of practical wisdom that is of use to all. They were written by Robert Crosbie, the "Friendly Philosopher", to his friends, giving many helpful hints as to the best way of "Living the life" of a good Theosophist.

From the various readings taken from this book we see that it is written in a simple, direct manner using words and phrases that are comparatively easy to understand. This is a great help because it means that the reader can concentrate on the meaning of the sentence rather than the definition of words.

The book has a preface and six parts: "The Spirit in the Body", "Homely Hints", "Living the Life", "Talks on the Eternal Verities", "In the Beginning", and "U.L.T. Declaration". These titles show to a certain extent the scope of its contents, consisting of letters and reports of lectures.

Despite the fact that the letters are written to individuals, the message they contain can be used by everyone. The everyday problems Robert Crosbie takes up become so clear and understandable that one wonders what was so puzzling about them! As we see this deep wisdom applied to a particular case, we say to ourselves - "I knew that! Why couldn't I have remembered it at the time?" It is merely the difference between having and using, but what a difference!

"The Friendly Philosopher" is not a biography in any sense of the word, but "an introduction to the only life worth living, whether reflected in the small or in the great - the life of the Soul. Its speech is in the language of the Soul; its utterance is that of the Doctrine of the Heart; its purpose is the furtherance of that Cause in which was hid the mortal existence of Robert Crosbie...."

"THE LAW"

The waters know their own and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

- John Burroughs

It is well known that gigantic ferns were the trees of prehistoric forests. Included among the fern plants are the true ferns, club-mosses, and horsetails. True ferns are moisture and shade-loving plants. They play an important part in the vegetation of tropical forests. We can find many forms in the temperate regions and some common ferns even remain green all winter. Fossil remains of ferns have been found in Greenland showing that it used to be warmer there than it is now.

Ferns belong to the third great division of plant life. In this group are horsetails and club-mosses, which also played a part in the prehistoric periods. Horsetails comprised a small group of plants recognized by their erect habit of growth, the leaves coming out in whorls on the stem. Before the coal fields were formed the ancestors of these plants flourished as trees. At present they are represented by a very few species, none of which are over four or five feet high. Another relative of the fern is the club-moss, which also flourished long ago.

In Australia we may find the living specimens of ferns which in the rest of the world only exist as fossils. Australia once formed part of the great third continent, Lemuria. The ferns that grow in Australia today are probably, for the most part, unchanged since those ancient times. In the December, 1916, issue of the National Geographic Magazine, an article on Australia states that "forms which may be recognized as tulip, lily, honeysuckle and fern take on a surprising aspect. They are not garden flowers, but trees, and the landscape of which they form a part reminds one of the hypothetical representations in books of science of a landscape of a Mesozoic time, a period antedating our own by millions of years.

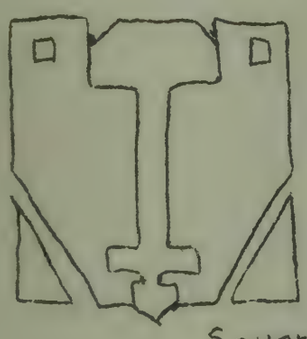
"The trees are indeed those of a bygone age. In America and Europe shadowy forms of fossil

(continued on p. 28)

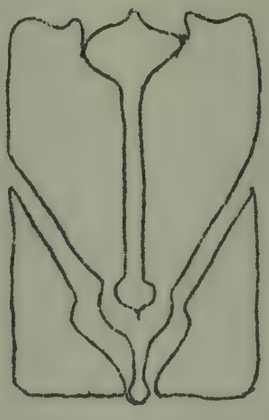
Natural Form

Curved Line Design

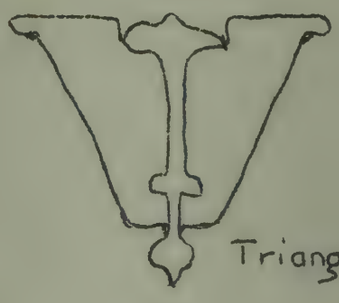
Straight Line Design



Square



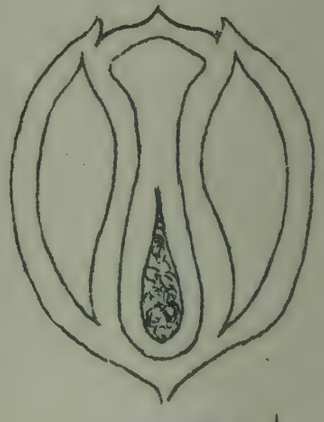
Oblong



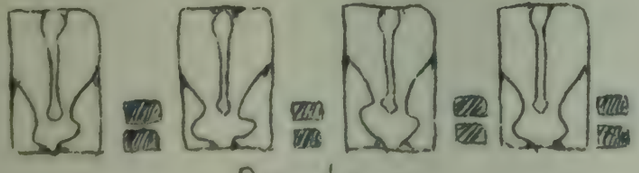
Triangle

Circle

Ellipse



Oval



Borders

All-over Design

HOW TO DESIGN FROM A FLOWER . . .

Design Forms in Nature

Nature is full of suggestions for beautiful designs and patterns. Flowers, plants, trees, and snow flakes all have dozens of design ideas, if we look for them.

Flowers and plants are among the best sources of design. On the illustrated page are some drawings showing how to work out a design from a flower.

First we have a picture of the flower in its natural form. We have a drawing showing the same flower worked out in curved lines; then one showing it worked out in straight lines. In the second row the flower is worked out in three different ways. The first fits a square, the second fits an oblong, and the third a triangle. Yet, in looking at them, there is no doubt that all were designed from the flower in the top row. The same flower, worked into a circle, an ellipse, and an oval, is shown in the third line. So, on this page, we see that with a little study, we can make eight or more different designs from a single flower.

One secret of doing this easily is to draw first the shape you want to fit your flower into; then make your flower fit inside of that form. By drawing guide lines through the center, you will make it easier to get both sides alike. Borders and patterns worked from these designs are shown at the bottom of the page. Notice how attractive the designs look when repeated in borders, or in all-over patterns. They become still more interesting if they are worked out in colors.

Columbine designs - Even the leaves and seed pods may be used as suggestions for designs. Any one of these designs or 'motifs', as they are called, would work into a splendid design for a border or all-over pattern. All the designs on the page, except one, are bi-symmetrical. The motif at the extreme right toward the bottom of the page is an 'occult' design.

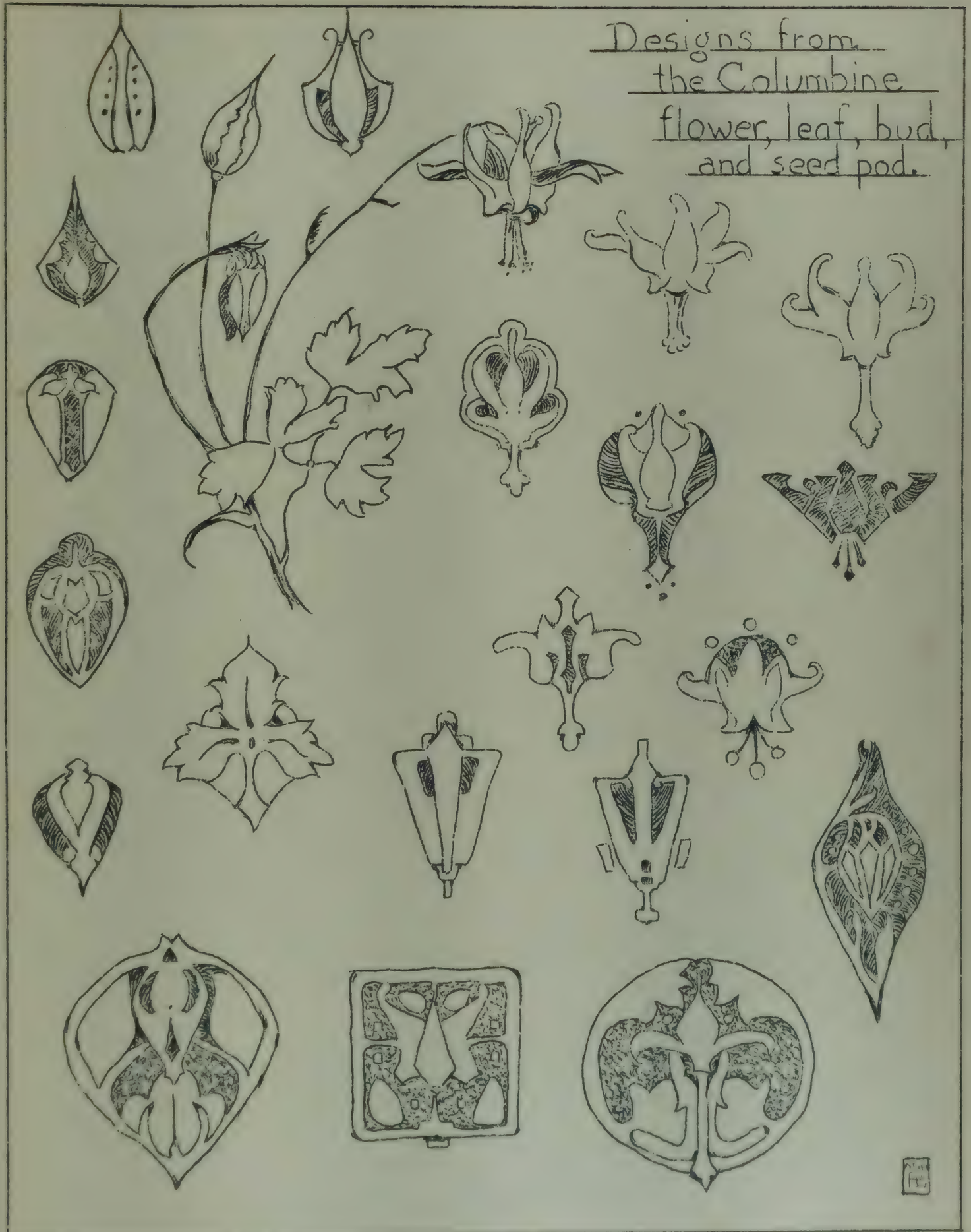
Insects, as well as flowers, are a source of design. The Egyptians used the beetle, or scarab motif. The butterfly is one of the best insects we can find for design suggestions.

Birds are still another source for design, often used by the Chinese and Japanese artists. The Peruvians also used the bird as a design motif for their textile decorations. The best plan in making bird designs is to make them very conventional. Do not try to make a picture of a bird, but draw a pleasing arrangement of spots and lines, based upon the bird form.

Animals also provide excellent design ideas. The Indians of America, as well as of the East, use them frequently in rugs and other textiles.

The Mineral Kingdom furnishes many sources for design. Among them are snow crystals and other crystals, shells, etc.

The Microscope will reveal a variety of forms of both mineral and vegetable life that can be adapted into wonderful designs.


Designs from
the Columbine
flower, leaf, bud,
and seed pod.

Mycetazoa - "Slime Molds"

The term "slime molds" is a misnomer, for this is not a mold at all, but what might be called "fungus-animal", or "plant-animal", because it possesses the characteristics of both the plant and the animal kingdoms.

It is born as a spore, resembling the spore of a fungus, but instead of germinating into a plant, it develops into what appears to be an "animal" stage, as an amoeba-like organism, which grows a tail that enables it to swim about.

After passing through various stages, these "animals" in great numbers coalesce into a living slime, called the Plasmodium. The Plasmodium oozes about on decaying wood by extending parts of itself, called "pseudopodia" (false feet), creeping ever so slowly, sometimes traveling as much as a yard over a dead log. Slime mold feeds on bacteria, or in some instances, on higher organisms, by surrounding and completely digesting them.

A remarkable thing now happens. Overnight it changes from the plasmodial stage into beautiful, multi-colored sporangia, which, developing their spores, complete the life-cycle.

At this point it will be most helpful to quote, in part, from William Crowder's article on Mycetozoa in the National Geographic Magazine for April, 1926. The writer describes an old, decayed log in a forest on which "was visible a thin patch of glair (slime) about the size of the palm of my hand, which glistened in the shadowy retreat like a filmy layer of sliver-leaf.

"...After studying the filmy mass I had become aware that it was moving. Spreading out fan-shaped, it advanced its borders almost as slowly as does the hour-hand of a clock. The rest remained stationary and was connected by a cordlike vein that led into a minute crack in the log.

"As the advancing edge seemed to be the only part in motion and the area of one mass meanwhile was increasing, it was evident that the materials for this augmentation were coming from within the log by flowing through the vein.

"I realized that a migration was taking place - that this curious mass of glair, which normally lives and grows in darkness in moisture-laden tissues of decaying wood, had arrived at the period of its existence when it must reach the outer air and light to reproduce and to enhance the favorable distribution of its spores.

"Finally its traveling ceased and it began to....break up into a compressed group of minute pearls. The globules at first were creamy white, but gradually they assumed a cast of delicate pink, and with the change in hue came a slow, though definite, alteration in the form and size of each unit....

"Eventually a more fundamental change occurred. By degrees the developing sporangia increased in dimensions along their vertical axes and began to resemble short cylinders standing on end, the topmost part of each being slightly enlarged.

"As the columns rose, gathering their substance from the surrounding slime, the globules topping then became less marked, until they completely disappeared when each little sporangium had

reached a height equal to three times its diameter.

"Before this stage was reached, however, the sun was more than four hours old...."

".....I continued to watch the growing columns of the slime molds. The nascent sporangia were now becoming diffused with a deeper tone of pink, particularly at their bases. For the first time, I noticed that the cylinders were no longer in actual contact with the wood; a hairbreadth space had intervened, and they were slowly being elevated into the air as the stalks began to form.

"These threadlike stalks, which were of a deep tone of garnet red, gradually reached a length of one-half the entire organism and expanded like cups at the top.

"The flaccid group had by now lost its compressed, or honeycomb appearance; each individual unit stood staunchly upright, independent, seemingly apart from its neighbors, yet in crowded contact with them. The surface now began to dry, and simultaneously the iridescent covering and filmy skin began to peel into shreds and tatters.

"On the wings of one imperceptible movement of heavy swamp atmosphere, these fragments vanished and - presto! There was revealed that wonder of wonders, a gauzy tangle of spore-laden threads called the capillitium.

"The sporangia were now fully formed. There was no further increase in the length or breadth of any part. The plasmodial slime was completely exhausted. The microcosmic spectacle was at an end!

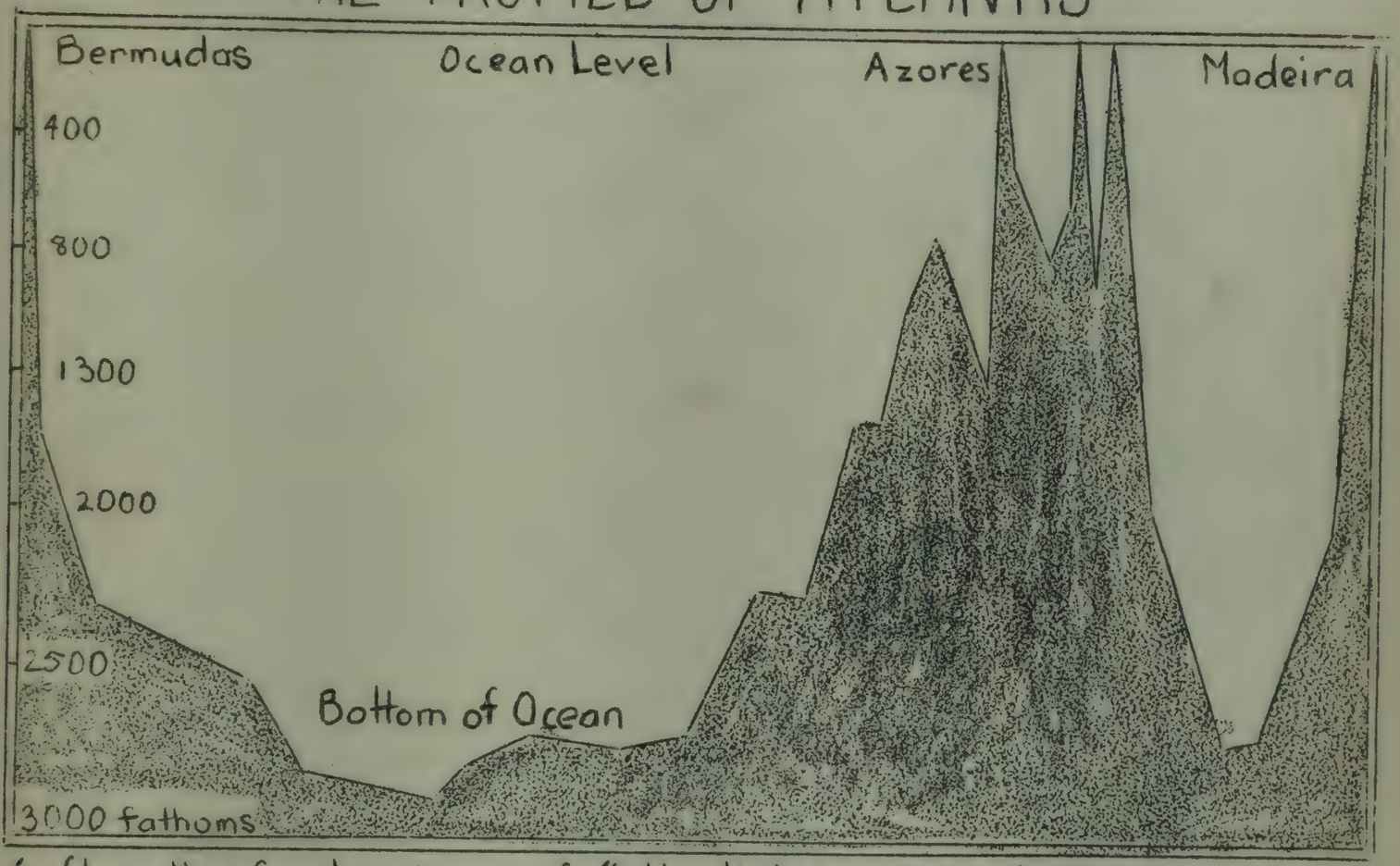
There are over 500 species of slime molds, which are world-wide in distribution. About 165 species alone were collected on Long Island, which is the best source of Mycetozoa. There are many kettle-holes on the terminal moraine which forms the backbone of Long Island. In one of these holes were found 118 species. None of them causes disease. They are to be found mostly in moist, wooded regions of the earth, from the tropics to the ice-belts. They may be found on dead leaves and decaying wood, in cellars, under stoops; and one rare form was found on the ceiling of a Long Island home built of lumber brought from Nova Scotia. Dr. Hagen Stein, who is perhaps one of the greatest research students and collectors of Mycetozoa, discovered several species growing in his own backyard. The sporangia have many beautiful colors, red, yellow, orange, brown, blue, - all but green, having no chlorophyll. Their season starts in June and ends at the coming of the frost.

Sporangia (spore cases) of various types.

As much as they have been observed, slime molds are still a puzzle to modern biology. Says the "Geographic" writer:

"Whether they are to be classed as plants or animals is a question upon which scientists are not yet agreed, although the organisms have been the objects of study for nearly two hundred years."

THE PROFILE OF ATLANTIS



(after the frontespiece of "Atlantis" by Ignatious Donnelly)

ATLANTIS

Today we see many articles in newspapers on new explorations and discoveries concerning archeological finds - among the most startling of which are those that confirm the existence of Atlantis. Among well known scientists we find growing a recognition of the fact that Atlantis in all her power and glory once existed. Also, we find more books on Atlantis, as well as many, many more people that read them and are fascinated by tales of this mysterious land.

But although these trends indicate that at last the scientific and therefore the public, mind is awakening and becoming interested in one of the keys to the evolution and history of mankind, they must be looked upon as merely an aspect of, and not as the <u>whole</u> truth coming to light. At present only the material fact of the continent's existence, because of partially understood geological and cultural remains, is beginning to be recognized. We see, then, that we have not only the task of making known this past continent in the light of the truth, but we must also be

able to confront and stand against the misinterpretations of scientific discovery.

Thus it is evident that Atlantis holds an important position in theosohical work, as well as in the theosophical teaching of "Anthropogenesis", of the study of the origin of man given in "The Secret Doctrine" by H. P. Blavatsky. Therefore, above all, we must know the place in human history of this fateful continent.

Concerningnthe actual geography of Atlantis we read in "'Because -' For the Children Who Ask Why" that it "covered the whole of the North and South Atlantic regions, portions of the North and South Pacific, and had islands even in the Indian Ocean."

Elsewhere it says that "Atlantis began to break up several millions of years ago. It divided into seven great islands, the largest of which disappeared 850,000 years ago. A small remnant of one of them, the last of Atlantis, called Poseidonis by the Greeks, sank 11,000 years ago."

Among our present civilizations science encounters problems of racial likenesses and civilizations upon our present continents for which they can offer no satisfactory explanation. However, in our study of Theosophy, and ancient continents, we have access to the true answers to this vast question.

Known to theosophists as the Fourth Continent, the one which preceded our own, Atlantis harbored a great civilization of people, highly cultured and more materially advanced than even ourselves. Atlantis provides the enquirer with an excellent example of the rise and fall of a great race. These people gradually lost sight of spiritual truth. Thus was Atlantis led to its tragic and terrible end.

But let us not lose sight of the fact that we on this earth today were those former Atlanteans, that we must profit by our previous experiences and recognize that all history, however ancient, is a record of our own acts. It was under the Law of cycles and Karma that Atlantis sank, but its end need not have been ignoble and inglorious.

"Arise then, O Atlanteans,
and repair the mischief
done so long ago."

ANCIENT FORESTS

(continued from p. 23)

leaves of strange plant species are gathered from the rock and studied with interest; in Australia many of these ancient trees are living. The impression that one is looking at a landscape which has forever disappeared from other parts of the world is so vivid that the elms and maples and oaks in some of the city streets strike a jarring note. The transition from Jurassic to modern times is painfully abrupt."

H. P. B. says the reason there has been less change in Australia than elsewhere is because people's surroundings develop at the same rate as the race concerned. The survivors of the later Lemurians became ancestors of a portion of the present native Australian tribes. Being a very low sub-race, their stock has since existed in a place strongly subjected to the "law of retardation." Australia can produce no new forms unless helped by new and fresh races.

Giants Again

Dr. Marshall Howard Saville, Professor of American Archaeology at Columbia University since 1903, and internationally known for his researches in Mexico, Central and South America, died recently. In a review of his work, the N. Y. Times, May 9, 1935, says:

"Dr. Saville said that skulls uncovered by him (in the state of Esmeralda, Equador) had teeth filled with gold on the inside. The teeth seemed to have a gold band stretched across their edges, either for decoration of the mouth or for strengthening the incisors. Some of the skulls, he explained, had the incisors neatly chiseled out and filled with gold and also what appeared to be a dental cement. . .

"Some of Dr. Saville's most important discoveries were of Aztec and Zapotec remains in Mexico, as well as among the Maya ruins of Yucatan. The latter civilization, it was established, apparently started in Guatemala about 2,000 years ago. About 1,000 years ago they moved out of Guatemala and into Yucatan.

"Among the more important of Dr. Saville's discoveries was that of extensive ruins in Ecuador of an extinct civilization which, while rivaling that of the Incas and Aztecs, was entirely distinct from either. The ruins were found on a number of hilltops not more than fifteen miles inland from the Pacific. The hilltops were covered with jungle-like vegetation which concealed the ruins until Dr. Saville and native workmen unearthed them. Huge human bones were found in the soil -- a fact considered interesting in view of Indian traditions of a race of giants once said to have lived in the country. Dr. Saville's discoveries here included the remains of the long-extinct mastodon."

(Underscoring ours - Edotirs)

Unity of Life

"That all life on earth is one, and its many forms merely matters of development and emphasia" is the thought expressed in an installment of Dr. Thornwell Jacob's book, "The New Science and the Old Religion", which appeared in the "Sunday Mirror", March 24, 1935.

"... as chemistry and physics and biology came into their own, it was very quickly seen that there is nothing from an electron to solar system that does not move itself; that if life is self-movement, then the whole universe is alive. It may be said of allliving things that they have this characteristic, namely; that throughout their entire bodies, whether they are but a single cell or billions of cells, there is motion perpetual...

"Likewise, a common center for all life is as plainly indicated as the spokes that lead to the hub, or the silken threads that point toward the center of the spider's web, or the constantly converging roads that all lead toward the great metropolis...

"Each 'living' object has become an added item of testimony

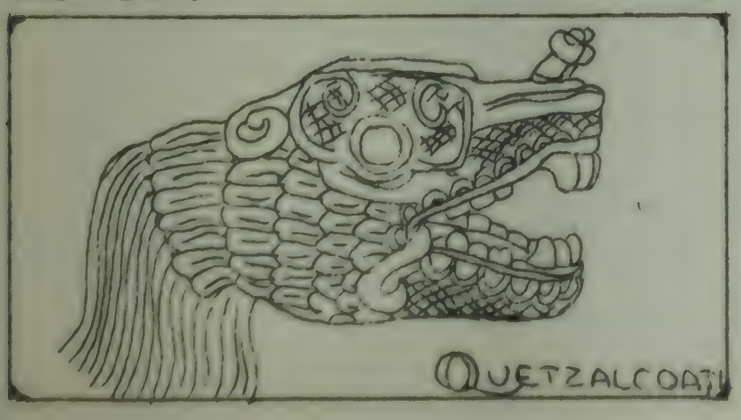
to that simplest of all concepts, the unity of life."

"The New Science" may be just arriving at the physical aspect of Theosophy's First Truth; but The Ancient Wisdom-Religion has always known it.

Quetzalcoatl

Dr. H. J. Spinden, curator of ethnology at the Brooklyn Museum, is one of the world's leading authorities on Maya civilization. In a talk to an association of history teachers, (reported in the N. Y. Herald-Tribune, April 29, 1934) Dr. Spinden spoke of the age of Quetzalcoatl, a Toltec king, who died in 1208, as the American equivalent of Pericles in Greek history."

"If I were called upon to list the world's greatest humans," he said, "I would certainly put Quetzalcoatl's name beside those of Confucius and Christ as a man who contributed greatly to the formation of ethics and high ideals of honor. Quetzalcoatl was the administrator of a domain ranging from New Mexico on the north to Colombia on the south. He was a priest, a philosopher, an astronomer much more skillful than any contemporary astronomer in Europe, and a cultivator of the arts."



Innisfallen

A writer in the "Jersey Observer", March 16, 1935, ridicules the idea that "St. Patrick rescued the Irish nation from Paganism and barbarism!"

"We do not have to go to any Irish authority to show the high state of civilization that prevailed in ancient Ireland when the Encyclopedia Britannica, in its article on the Brehon Laws of Erin, informs us that seven centuries before Christ, Himself, was born, the old Irish Lawmakers were promulgating their then ancient codes at Royal Tara. And the same article goes on to state that in the first century of the Christian era, an Irish brehon, that is, an Irish judge or arbiter, had to be proficiently schooled in the full lay course, which schooling covered a period of twenty years. Were not these old pagan forefathers of some of our St. Patrick's Day orators a most peculiar brand of savages indeed!"

"The very fact that the old Irish Pagans could grasp the unexplainable mystery of the Trinity from the trefoil shamrock, which Patrick plucked from the Hill of Tara and which constituted Patrick's sole explanation stands for ever as proof of the philosophic minds of these great Pagan Irish forefathers of ours."

It is curious to note that the author says "brehon" means "judge". Mr. Judge often wrote under the name of "William Brehon!

TO

TAKE THE GREAT IDEAS

OF THEOSOPHY INTO EVERYDAY LIFE AND

MAKE THEM A MATTER OF PRACTICAL APPLICATION

Vol. V. Oct. 26, 1935 No. 4.

THE TREE

Year after year the new branches of a tree reach further and further up into the sky, and suddenly we realize how tall the tree has become. We notice that the lower branches have died, and have been replaced by fresh new branches on the top. And we cut away those that have not already fallen to the ground.

Some years the tree grows more than others, but it is always growing. So it is with our group - always growing. And like the tree, some years it grows more than others. We thrive in the time of much effort, ideas, and work. The ideal is always before us, unchanging, glorious with the purity of eternal Truth, expressed in our "Objects". When the need arises we begin new activities; new branches form and old ones die, their life having gone into the new growth.

Pathfinders, like trees, live all year round, not just in the winter time when we all meet together. Pathfinder organization has a real existence in each of its members during the summer months. And we are united because all are recognizing the same universal ways of Nature, although our individual experiences may differ.

If we bring the harvest of experiences to Pathfinders the group will grow and thrive from this collective living. For the progress of Pathfinders as a group depends upon how much each unit contributes to the whole, just as the health of a tree depends upon the perfect function of each part - roots, trunk, and leaves, flower and fruit. So let us bring all our thought and help this fall - and the cooperation of all will make it a year of real "growth"!

Treetop Thoughts

The wind murmured softly as it brushed through the leaves around Lynn, settled among the branches of a tree top. He looked up at the slowly moving clouds. It was a quiet day.

The silence was broken by a young voice calling clearly.

"Lynn!" his small sister, Sorrel, called from the ground. He let himself down easily from branch to branch until he stood upon the lichen-covered rocks under the tree. Sorrel ran towards him with eager eyes, her dark hair flying. "It looks so grand up there," she exclaimed. Then she asked hopefully, "Do lift me up to the first branch, for then I can climb up just as high as you and we can sit together."

"Well, all right - up we go!" He helped her up to the first high branch, and then she climbed aloft and was ready resting among the boughs by the time he reached her.

"Like it?" he asked laughingly; but there was no need for an answer; they both knew. For a time there was silence as they listened to the wind. Sorrel was watching the leaves, and she laid her hand on a half shriveled one.

"Poor leaf," she said, "sick and diseased while the others are healthy and strong."

"And they breathe and work like a factory making food for the plant," Lynn added.

"But this leaf probably isn't doing as much as the others. It can't because it's sick." Sorrel looked off at the other leaves, and after a moment she spoke questioningly: "How do the

leaves know what work to do? The trees cast their seeds, which grow up and thrive even though we don't know exactly how they do it."

"No, it seems as though their life doesn't depend on how much we know about it. They must have a plan of their own, just as we have. But this little leaf isn't following the plan, just as we fail to do when we get sick. Did you know, Sorrel, that, like man, trees have their "epidemics" of sickness? A blight or disease may wipe out a whole species of trees, or attack the apple orchards and spoil the apples for the whole year. This plan that the trees try to follow must be the ideal for that class of life, don't you think?" They thought a while, and then Lynn asked, "Sorrel, what about this sick leaf?"

"Well," she said firmly, "either it can't or it won't get well."

"It's more like the first, isn't it? Because look how it's struggling against the disease, following the pattern where it isn't prevented."

Sorrel turned this over in her mind for a while. Then she said thoughtfully, "Sometimes man won't follow the plan-sometimes he doesn't try as hard as Nature, and the leaves do. Why doesn't he try, Lynn, to follow his perfect plan?"

Perhaps once he decided not to, so he forgot. Now he can't remember the perfect plan and his glorious destiny so he is sick, - in body and mind. But he knew once. Now when he does make an effort he has forgotten what to try for. He has blinded himself and is pulling back."

"But Nature," Sorrel put in, "Nature is pulling forward!"

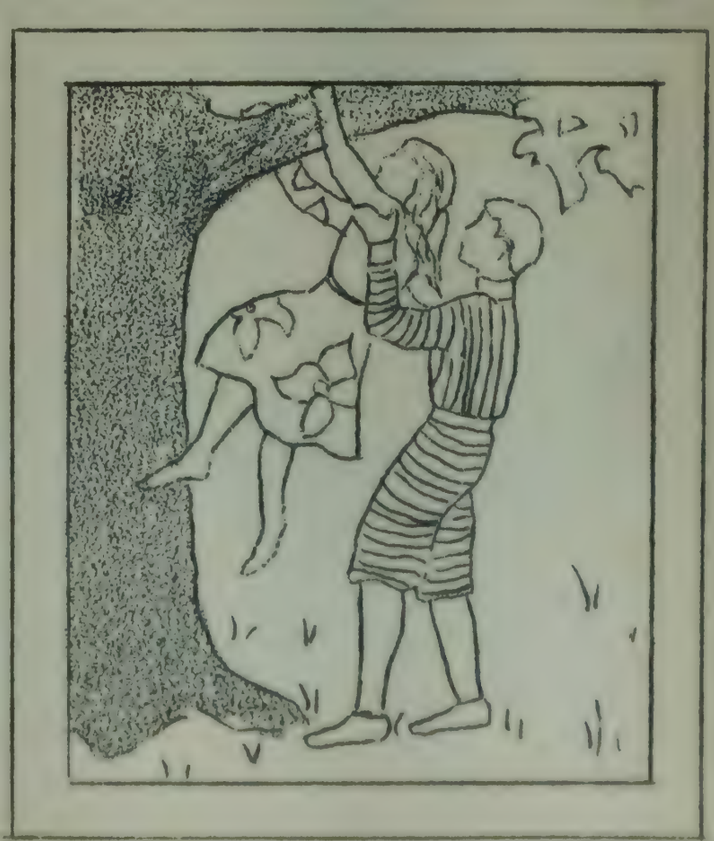
"Well, Sorrel, Man and Nature must belong in one great plan, and if one part doesn't act properly, why, it hurts all the other parts, just as that one diseased leaf must affect this whole tree. Perhaps man's pulling back caused this diseased leaf, eh Sorrel? Because Nature is trying, - that we know." and he smiled kindly at her listening eyes.

"Mankind! But we're Mankind. Do you mean it's our own fault!"

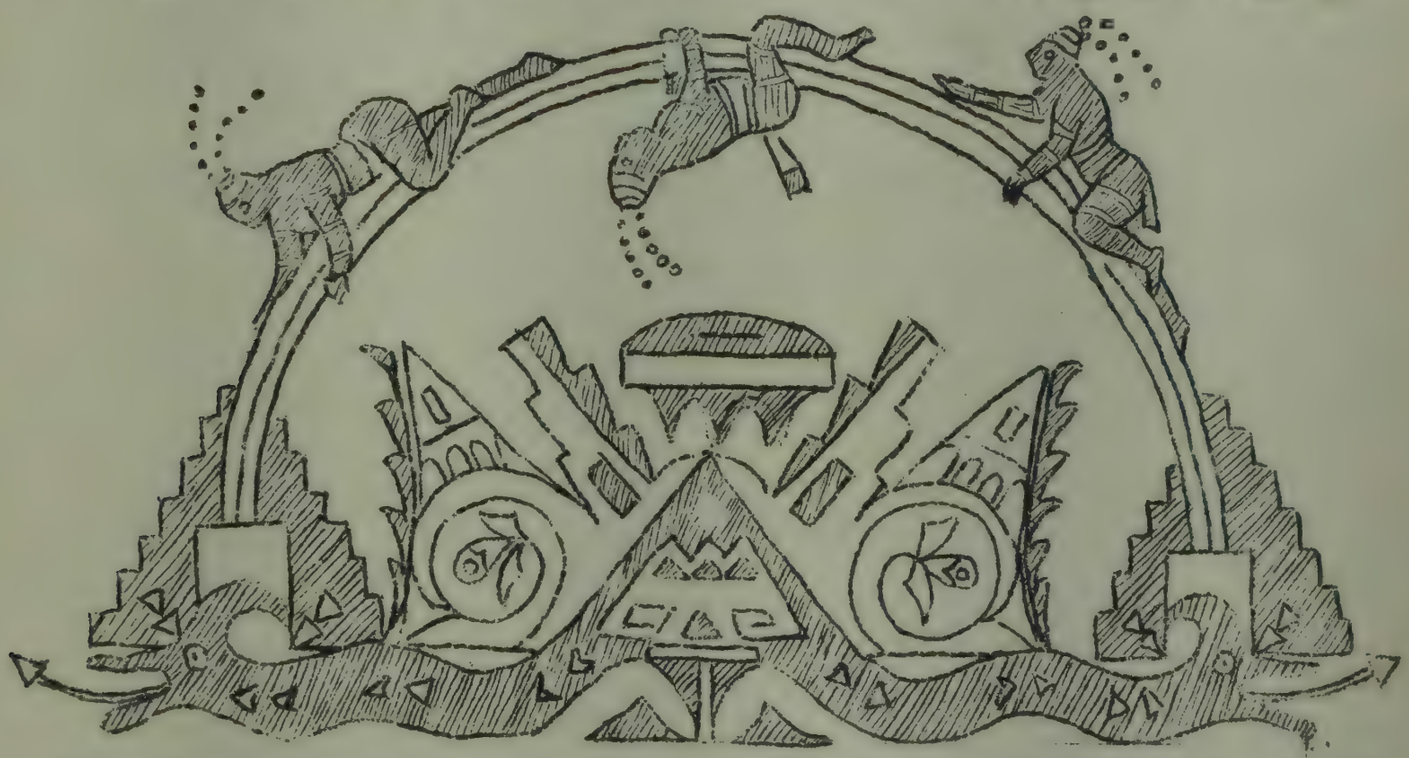
"What else, Sorrel?" he said. "Tell me that, will you?" and he smiled when he saw her serious face, for she was thinking how important even her little part was in the plan.

"Come now," said Lynn, "It's getting late, Don't those branches feel hard and uncomfortable?"

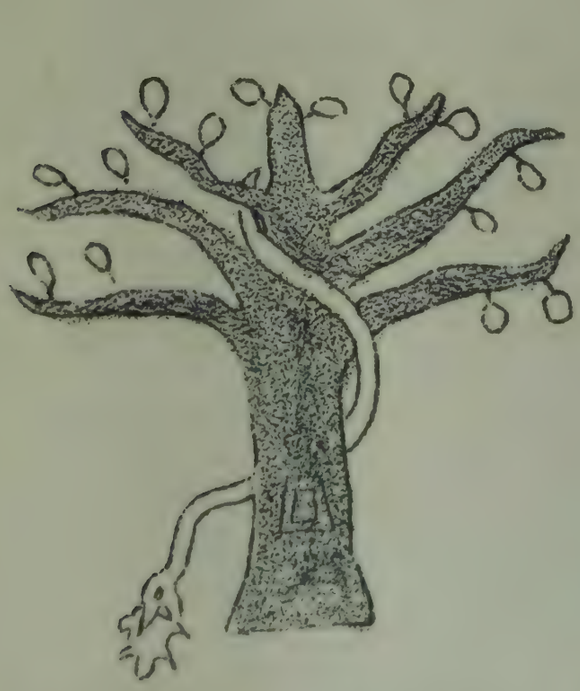
"I hadn't noticed," she said musingly as they climbed down.

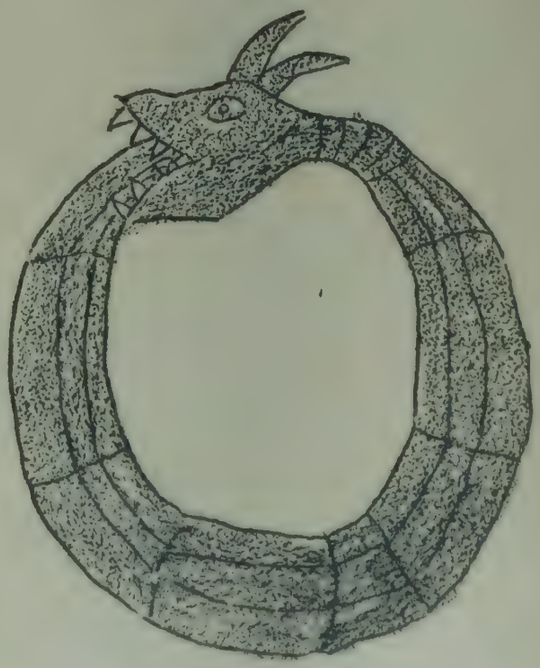


THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE

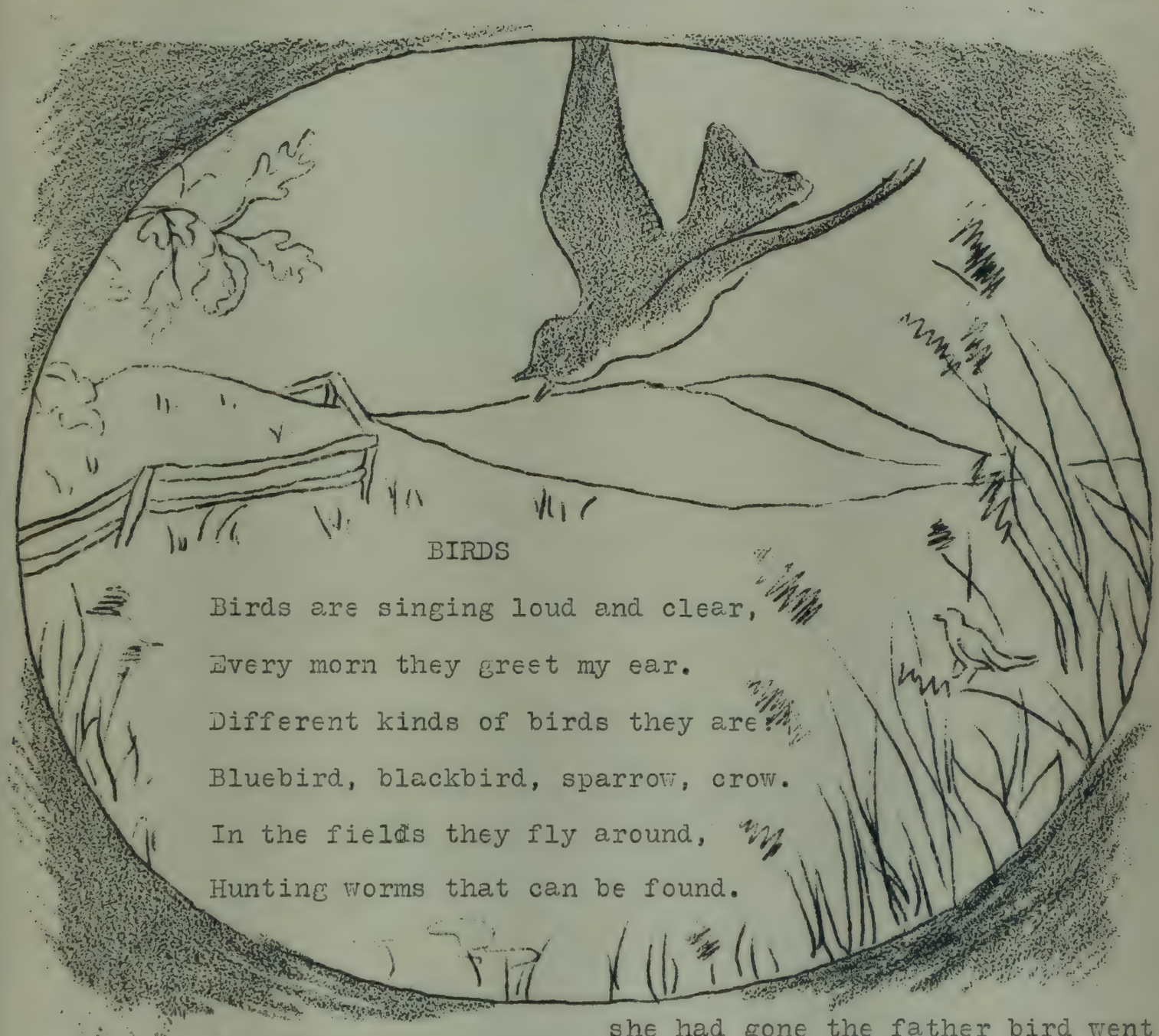


This design was drawn by a young "Indian artist" of San Ildefonso Pueblo. It represents a scene from an Indian festival called Koshare. The figures are clowns. But do we notice the interesting association of serpents, the rainbow and the climbers?





From Dahomy, in French West Africa come these symbols. They were sewn on the banner of a secret society. We recognize the tree and serpent symbol and the encircled serpent. These indicate a knowledge of the universe and man possessed by the African wise men. But why is the turtle being consumed by the serpent under the tree?



BIRDS

Birds are singing loud and clear,
Every morn they greet my ear.
Different kinds of birds they are:
Bluebird, blackbird, sparrow, crow.
In the fields they fly around,
Hunting worms that can be found.

UNITY

How a family of partridges avoided a cat by their careful maneuvering described in the Nature Magazine for Nov. 1930 under the title of "Bird Strategy."

Two partridges with their young noticed a housecat coming toward them. At once the mother clucked, and the baby chicks disappeared as if by magic. Quietly and quickly the father walked toward the cat and watched carefully. The latter, unaware of the birds, stopped and lay down a while. Then she arose and returned to the house. As soon as she had gone the father bird went back to his family; the mother clucked again, and all the chicks appeared from hiding.

Miss Beatrice Limstrong who witnessed the incident writes: "No human family could have shown greater presence of mind, greater loyalty, or a more perfect plan of action in the face of a suddenly approaching enemy, -- the father placing himself between the enemy and his loved ones; the mother, first hiding the young, then keeping watch with the father; the instant obedience of the young, who remained hidden and quiet until called by the parents."

THE GREEN LEAF

Many of the functions of the green leaf are apparent merely by observation. It is these functions primarily that Pathfinders are interested in and not those that require a course in botany or involve research on the part of the inquirer.

On our trips during the winter season we notice that most leaves are well exposed and turned toward the sun, whereas in the summer the leaves are curled and often tilted to avoid the direct sunlight. Hence we see that one purpose of the leaf is to conserve moisture within the plant.

This observation is further confirmed by examining the surface texture of both sides of the leaf, The upper side is leathery and reflects light quite readily. The lower side is found to be soft in comparison. It reflects little light and is often found to be perforated. These perforations are sometimes visible to the naked eye, or may be seen with a small magnifying glass. On some leaves a powerful microscope is necessary to see them, but they are always there (except on water plants, in which case they are found on the upper side of floating leaves). Their purpose is for respiration. They are the breathing organs of the plant. They appear on the under side of the leaf to insure the minimum amount of water vapor being discharged into the air.

There are many other functions of the leaf which we may consider. One question Pathfinders like to ask is, How does the tree get water from its roots to its leaves?

"A LESSON FROM CHINA"

Jean was quite a little traveler and had seen much of the world. She loved to watch children of other lands, their manners and habits, the different games they played, and their many-colored costumes. These she had noticed carefully, and she thought too that through all these differences, the children of every land she had visited were very much alike.

One day as she traveled with her parents through a tiny village in China, she saw several little children playing and making tiny mudhouses. One of them was slower in her movements than the others for she held a large baby on her back.

Jean watched her for some time. Then, out of curiosity, she went over to the girl and asked,

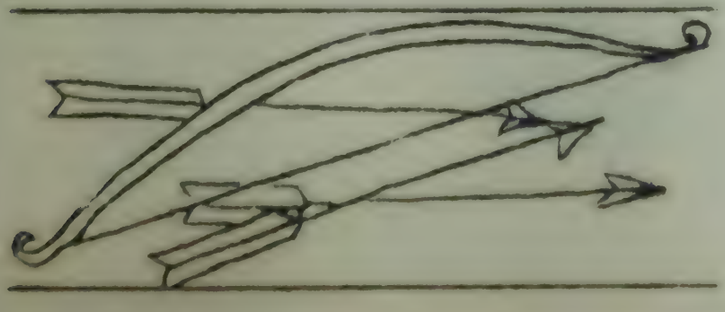
"Why do you carry this big boy on your back. He is so heavy.'

"He is not heavy," she replied, "He is my brother."

"HIT THE MARK"

"The Pageant of Chinese History," by Elizabeth Seegar, was written because there was no interesting, simple Chinese history for children. The truly fascinating story of China has been told from the very early first mythical emperors up to the present day. Pathfinders may find in this extract, which describes the contests of archery practised by the ancient Chinese, an idea that is familiar as well as interesting:

"The archery contests were held with all the splendour and colour that the Chinese loved so well, and the shooting was done to music. The archer must not only hit his mark but he must loose his arrow when the right note was sounded on the bells or the flutes. And archery meant more than mere skill in shooting. The archer was supposed to see in the target his own character. The bull's eye was the character of the perfect prince. As he fitted his arrow to the string, he thought, "How near do I come to being a perfect prince?" And he shot to prove, not only his skill, but his worth. So it was with each man who picked up his bow, whether he were prince or king or minister. And the king, watching his vassals, noticed their bearing, their understanding of music, their rhythm, and their shooting. Through these he judged their character and gave special honour to those who did well."



GENTLENESS

On my way to the Museum of Natural History one day this summer, I saw some people throwing peanuts to the pigeons. As the peanuts fell on the ground the pigeons would run to get them. One of the pigeons picked up a kernel but was in such a hurry that he dropped it and another bird got it. The first pigeon did not fight the other one because he got his peanut but just walked away and waited for his chance to get another.

I am telling this happening because it teaches a lesson to man: A WELL-UNDERSTOOD BROTHERHOOD.

AUTUMN

Autumn has come, day by day.

See the leaves fall, so gay.

When the wind blows

And they fly through the sky,

They look like the birds

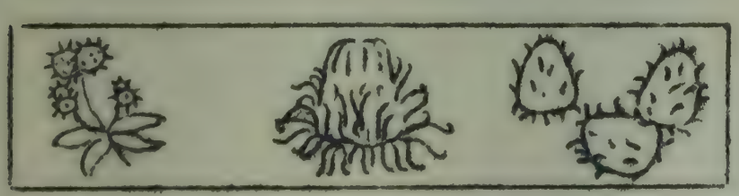
Soaring on high.

SEED TRAVELS

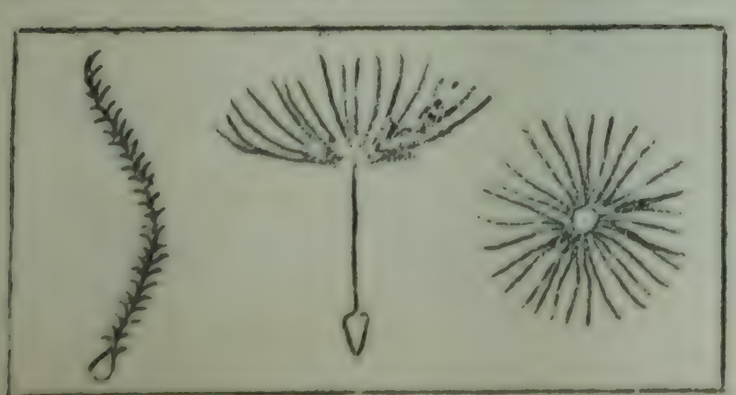
Planting a seed in soil, giving it water and sunshine, is the first step in bringing into existence a beautiful flowering plant, vine, or tree. The whole tree or plant is already inside the tiny seed, in which is the central point, or memory spot, and from that point the growing thing radiates.

Seeds are exposed to all outside influences, such as weather conditions, animals, and nearby plants, so they have to be protected until they are ripe. This protection nature gives them in the form of hard shells, acrid coverings, and prickly exteriors.

When the seeds are ripe the coverings help them to escape. The prickly ones fall to the ground and soon catch in the fur of some animal, and are carried a great distance before they fall off.

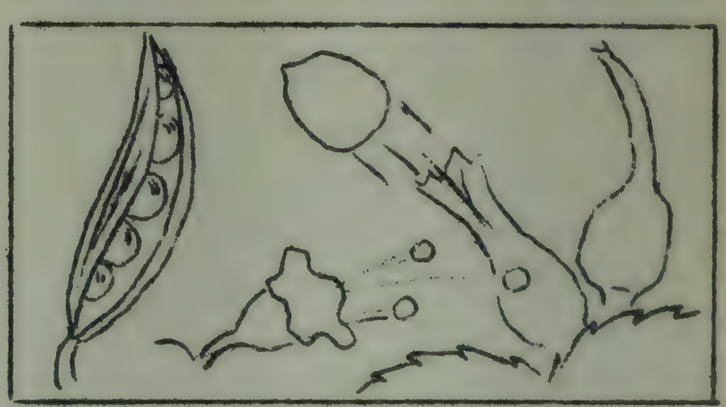


The wind also has a great deal to do with the carrying of seeds. Usually these seeds grow extra surface to expose to the wind in order to be sustained in the air.



There is a seed that has a small parachute attached to it, which opens as the seed begins to fall to the ground, and is carried along by the wind. This parachute is very sensitive to the degree of moisture in the air. When the seed comes to a dry place it remains open till the wind carries it to a damp place.

Then it closes and the seed drops in the rich earth and can grow. But if its landing place happens to be a damp rock on which it cannot grow, it opens and closes, hitching itself along the ground until it reaches fertile ground.



Other cases occur where the pods open so suddenly that the seeds are thrown a yard or more - sometimes as far as thirty feet.

Many seeds often stay enclosed in the fruit or ovary and when an animal eats this they are left to "escape." Or, if the animal eats the complete fruit the seeds pass through his system without the slightest harm done them.

Also, if the fruit falls to the ground and is left alone it will rot and the seeds will then get a chance to grow.

(Con't. on page 40)

BULLETIN BOARD

Nature Notes

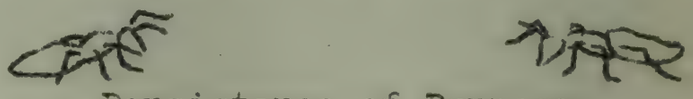
"Nature is the living, visible garment of God." - Goethe

The intelligence sometimes displayed among the lower Kingdoms may be a source of wonder to scientists but the Theosophist sees the influence of higher forces, the reflection of intelligence from above. Man always sets the pace for the beings below him; he affects them constantly by his thoughts. Many incidents are recorded in newspapers, magazines and books which are cited as examples of remarkable "intelligence". Intelligence it is, but as the Theosophist knows, it is the intelligence of a great class or hierarchy of beings. Animals have no individual wisdom of their own and when they display such strange knowledge of what to do it is merely the action of natural instinct according to Nature's laws. Pathfinders should find much food for thought from the descriptions of how the hierarchical intelligence manifests itself in these incidents.

An Aphid Meets His Death

Certain species of tiny wasps lay their eggs within the bodies of plant lice or aphids. This they do so that the maggots which hatch from the eggs will have food in plenty from the body of the unfortunate louse. All aphids are gregarious and crowd together in flocks. Now when a certain aphid is aware that a wasp larva is slowly consuming him frm within and that death is inevitable, he leaves his fellows and wanders some distance away, where he climbs to a deserted leaf or twig, there to suffer and die alone.

This habit undoubtedly benefits the larval wasp parasite for it is thus removed from the danger of being devoured by common enemies. The louse is safer when away from members of its own kind, not being so liable to be eaten; thus is the little maggot safer. It might seem like a kind of sacrifice on the part of the doomed aphid who, realizing that he himself cannot live, exerts himself to the utmost to save the parasite within who caused his death. We know that the aphid has no moral nature and is incapable of comscious sacrifice, yet knowing this to be so, why does he do it?



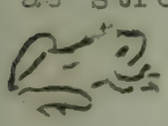
Persistence of Purpose

In his book, "Instinct and Intelligence" Major R.W.G. Hingston tells of many examples of remarkable actions of ants, wasps, spiders, beetles, and other insects. He relates that a man on the island of Porto Santo (one of the Madeira group) observed a number of tiny brown ants coming through the window into his dining room. "He tried to stop the invasion by spreading a sheet of fly-paper across the window-sill. The ants, however, refused to be kept back, They built tracks across the fly-paper with sand and bits of wood, and by means of these pathways continued to come in." Pathfinders might find a lesson in the indomitable determination which for the ants finds a way.

The writer describes how the Driver Ants of Western Africa throw bridges across streams. "The ants find a branch overhanging a stream. They get out to

the end of it, make a chain and hang down until the end of the chain reaches the water underneath. The chain then begins to float in the water. More ants come down and continue to lengthen it. It grows and grows and becomes so long that the current sweeps its end to the opposite bank. The ant at the end then clings to the bank, and the army crosses over."

Sometimes a single ant would make of himself a bridge. "A stream of ants was climbing through the foliage. At one place their progress was obstructed. There were wide gaps between the leaves, and the ants were unable to get across. They overcame the difficulty by making a bridge. One ant had undertaken this duty. With its jaws it had gripped the edge of one leaf; with its hind legs the edge of the opposite leaf. It had managed to pull the leaves close together, and, though clearly put to a great strain, it was keeping them from flying apart. Every minute hundreds of ants crossed this simple solitary bridge. They were all dependent on this one ant. If it broke its hold, confusion would result, and thousands of ants would be isolated." Can each one of us make our link as strong as this lone ant?



"Music Hath Charms"

An interesting story comes from a C.C.C. camp in the Penn. State forest near Chatsworth, N.J. It was printed in the Nature Magazine for September, 1934.

The company foreman, Cecil Evers, kept a den of snakes, among them a large pine snake. Deciding to feed his snakes some frogs, he put several of them in the den in a pan of water. The frogs, as expected, disappeared one by one, and large lumps appeared on the bodies of the snakes. Those not yet eaten clung unhappily to the edge of their pan, too deep in the water to sing.

Finally one of the larger frogs climbed upon the body of one of his brothers and began to croak. This aroused the pine snake, who slowly approached the pan that held the singing frog. His head hung ominously near for a few minutes, then slowly withdrew. Still the frog sang on. Then with sinuous motion across the pan moved the bronze body of the snake and relaxed into the water. There was heard the clear hiss of the pine snake; the frogs brightened and immediately reacted. In a moment all the frogs had climbed out of the water onto the body of the snake and began to sing confidently.

"And, now, morning and evening, the pine snake heaves twelve inches of his rear section into the water, and the frogs sit on it and warble. Their number has remained undiminished for ten happy days. The matter of foodstuff has become a minor interest to the snakes. Music hath charms."

Seed Travels

(Con't from page 38)

Thus, we see what diverse and interesting means Nature has provided for her children, so that they may each carry on their kind. Many of our modern inventions are but copies of the wonderful devices which have existed in nature from immemorial times.

TO

TAKE THE GREAT IDEAS OF THEOSOPHY INTO EVERYDAY LIFE AND MAKE THEM A MATTER OF PRACTICAL APPLICATION

Vol. V. Dec. 7, 1935 No. 5.

WHAT TO GIVE?

Gifts are of many kinds. The one we usually think of is a mere "thing", an object we buy, perhaps, for a special occasion. This is the very least of gifts we can give.

But there are others which we should be giving all the time, every minute of the day. There is the giving of love, of kindness, of "gentle service to all that lives." We all know how much more we appreciate a kindly look or smile than any "present" we might receive. So let us do unto others as we would have others do unto us.

There is still another gift, the greatest of all - ourselves. To what can we give ourselves? To the Cause of Theosophy. We can work for Theosophy all the time, in countless ways. We have an inspiring example ever before us in Those who have given Themselves wholly to the Cause of Theosophy, the Cause of Humanity - Universal Brotherhood. The Masters of Wisdom, the Elder Brothers, our Ideal of Human Perfection. They are the true Givers of the best kind of gifts.

WHAT ABOUT SNAKES?

"Oh, they just tried to kill a snake next door!" Sorrel burst forth breathlessly. Her brother, Lynn, looked up.

"What kind of snake?" he asked.

"A black snake ....Yes, I told them it was harmless, but they said they didn't like snakes anyhow and didn't want to see them around. They think there is a family of them living among the stones under their house. It seemed horrible to try to kill it. I was just going into the house when I saw the snake lying across my path. I called, and someone came out with an axe, but it got away anyway- wounded."

"Sorrel, we know that where there is Life, there must be a certain amount of intelligence. Not as highly developed as ours, to be sure, but intelligence nevertheless, and to be treated as such. If they had understood the intelligence of the black snake they would undoubtedly have acted very differently.

"Do you remember the story of the wise man traveling along a road in India?" Lynn continued. "Evening was near when he came upon a roadhouse for travelers which had long fallen into disuse. Upon entering he saw the house was inhabited by insect pests of most unpleasant varieties. So the wise man spoke gently to them, and requested them to leave their home for just one night so he could rest in peace. They departed. Morn came and the wise man proceeded on his way refreshed and the insects returned. He really understood his "younger brothers!"

"All truth is inherent in us. We, being one with Nature and Truth, are able to understand every other being. We understand Nature to the extent that we see in Nature the One and same Life which we all are."

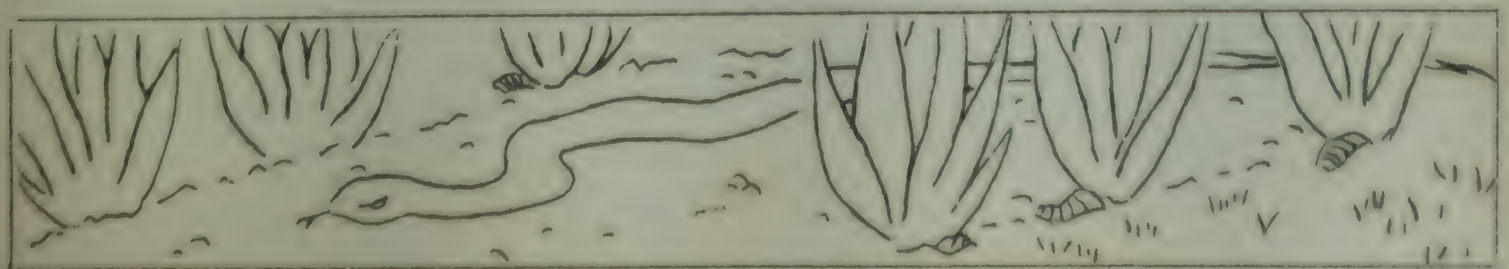
"Just because we see a thing, Sorrel, or read about it, does not mean we understand it. But when we use that fragment of Truth which is ourselves or our Soul's power, the Truth in us reveals the Truth inherent in every thing else - things, beings, people. That which we can feel, taste, smell, and see and hear is not the entire thing. The Real in all things cannot be seen with our physical eyes but must be understood by the Real in us, which is our Soul. It takes Truth to recognize Truth."

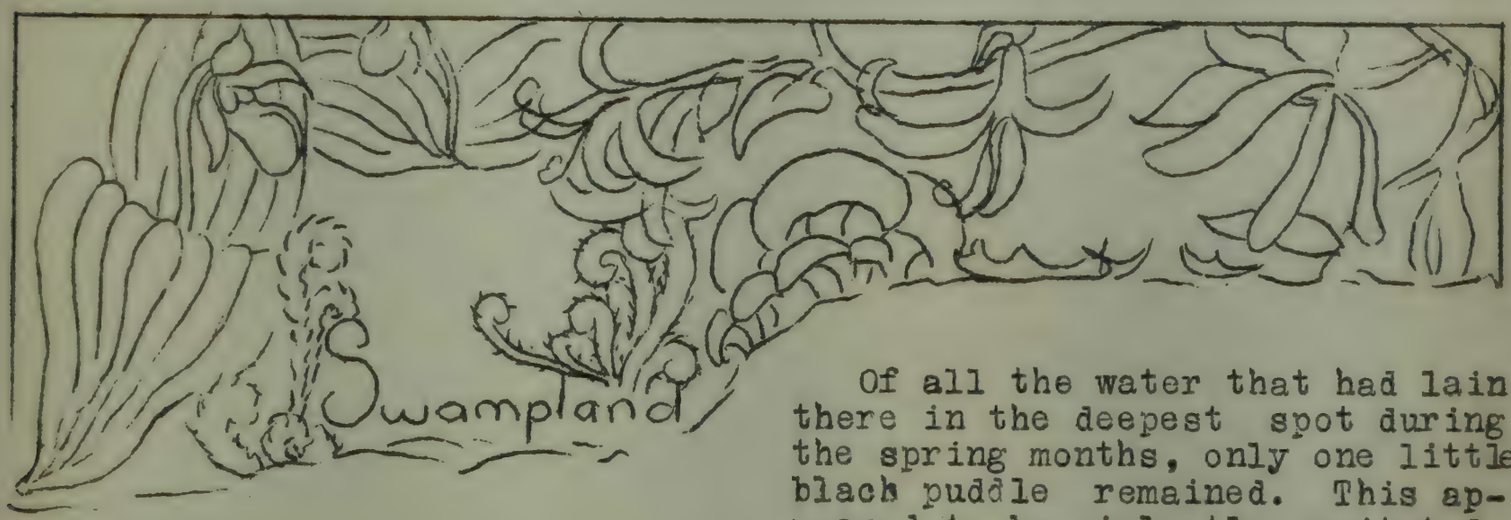
They thought quietly, and soon Sorrel had another question. "How can we see the Truth in everything by means of the Truth in us, as the wise man did when he understood the insects?"

"By thinking, doing, listening to and living, only that which is Truth - by trying to live as the Self - we will gradually see through the eyes of the Soul, the Truth in everything."

"Well," exclaimed Sorrel, "our neighbor who wounded the snake

(continued on page 47)





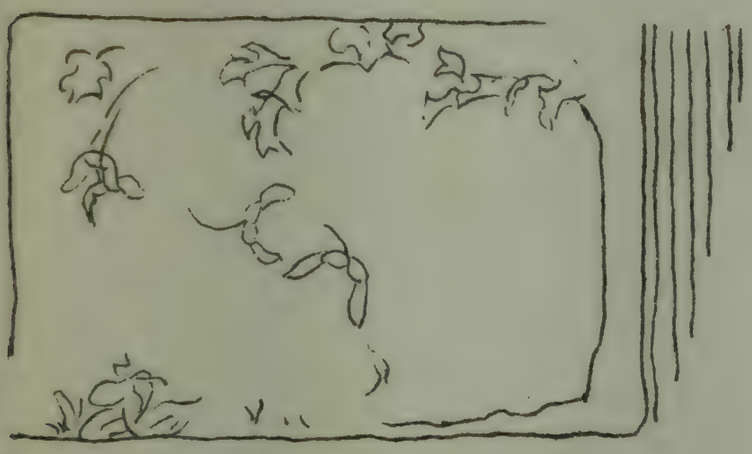
It was well along toward the heat of summer, and there had been little enough rain to keep the old swamp wet; so we wandered down to see if, after so many years, it was still the same. Nearing the swamp we noticed many moisture-loving plants; ferns in profusion, Jack-in-the-Pulpit and Moccasin flowers. Decending further, we approached the thick underbrush surrounding the swamp. The vegetation here was close because of the prolonged dampness, and looked very much like the pictures you see of the coal age. We bent aside the bushes, and crept through until we reached the middle of a natural basin into which drained the water to form the swamp in the springtime. Dead branches and logs lay fallen and rotting, covered with a brilliant green moss. This seemed to grow at a certain level around the roots of the bushes, forming great green hummocks on which it was possible to walk by stepping from one to the other. In the middle of the basin it was more open, probably because no seed has a fair chance to take root and grow. Over the ground was a thick carpet of dead leaves, not brown like those covering the floor of the woods higher up, but all the same shade of slate grey. They were closely packed, and sank slightly as we stepped across the clearing.

Of all the water that had lain there in the deepest spot during the spring months, only one little black puddle remained. This appeared to be violently agitated. Upon drawing near, we discovered that there was not a puddle at all but hundreds of glistening little polywogs who gasped and struggled for life in the last damp spot. Poor little fellows: everyone doomed to die, for the swamp would not fill until the following year.

Through the air stole a honey-sweet perfume, and looking around we saw its cause. Large sprays of pure white blossoms grew luxuriously from tall bushes. This was the fragrant wild honey-suckle which scented the whole atmosphere with its sweetness.

Beautiful as the swamp was, we could not forget that it provided the necessary breeding ground for our friend, the mosquito. The larval stage of this insect must be passed under water, preferably still or stagnant. It was our swamp we had to thank for the faithful attentions of the little mosquitoes during the summertime.

That night we fell asleep under the stars. It was to the vibrant, regular croaks of the frogs down in the swamp. Husky and deep they drummed away the summer night long in their oasis of moss and moisture. How pleasant are the sounds of Nature's musicians who truly know her tones!



LIFE OF A VERMONT MAPLE TREE

It was autumn in Vermont. The trees in the forest were all clothed in glorious reds, greens, yellows, and browns and the leaves, falling rapidly now, were just beginning to clothe the ground in the same beautiful shades. Little winged maple seeds were being blown in all directions. They fell to earth everywhere, carried by the wind.

Let us follow one - that one with the broken wing. There it goes! It has already fallen in that open space over there! It will soon be covered by the many colored leaves which, together with the heavy snows of Vermont, will protect it against the biting cold of a Vermont winter. There it will sleep, snug and warm, till spring.

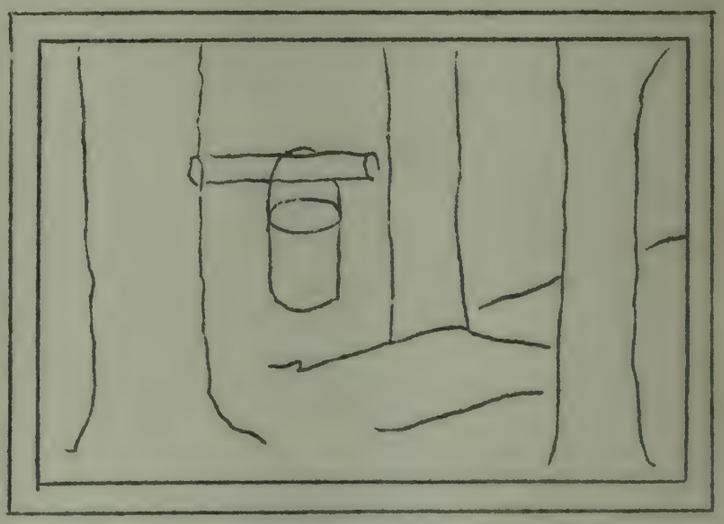
* *

Now it is spring. The little plant, awakened by the warmth of the sun and the gentle spring rains, immediately begins to grow. In a few weeks the first little shoot shows above the ground. It grows more rapidly now and increases greatly in size so that by the end of the first season it is two or three feet tall.

Autumn comes again, stripping the little tree of its leaves; then winter arrives. Now it has a tough bark to protect it through the winter, which is spent sleeping.

This cycle is repeated year after year, the trunk thickening in girth, the branches spreading, and the tree itself growing taller. While this is going on above the ground, things are also happening beneath, because the "root area" is increasing in proportion to the growth of the branches.

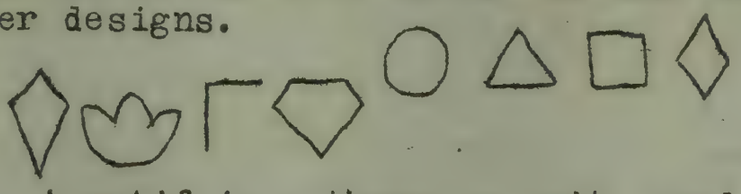
After twenty or thirty years, depending on weather conditions and the care given it, the maple can be tapped for sap.



In the latter part of February or early March the men bore a half-inch hole in the tree about two feet from the ground. The hole extends through the bark to the cambium layer, through which the sap is taken from the roots to the leaves. In to this hole they insert the hollow spigot. The sap drips through this spigot, out a little hole in the end, and into a pail hanging from the spigot. Every day men come and empty the pails. The clear, sweet sap is then put over a fire and boiled down. It thickens to a syrup and gets darker. It is then cleared, put into bottles and sealed. The tree will yield

A SATURDAY ART LESSON

Here are some motifs which we used at one of our work meets to make border designs.



A motif is a theme or unit used in various ways and combinations. We speak of sound motifs or musical motifs; there are thought motifs and design or form motifs like those above.

In making a border we first consider the space we have to fill. We choose our space limitations by marking down the outside borderlines. Then we pick our motifs and combine them in a harmonious and rhythmical design. The beauty depends on the right proportion in the space relations. These space relations are determined by the shape and size of the motifs used. When we add the element of dark we have the interest of dark and light, one of the three fundamental principals of art; line, dark and light, and color.

Practice in the use of simple motifs in design develops appreciation and a discrimination of the beauty of proportion.

Music

Willem Van Hoogstraten, director of the Portland Symphony Orchestra, advises tuning of radio programs with the greatest discrimination. (New York Times, August 25, 1935).

He asks: "Must we face the sad fact that there are more people in the world who more highly regard mere entertainment than those who work to achieve and understand the beauty and philosophy of life?"

Finding a ray of hope in the fact that "more and more broadcasters are willing to give listeners the very highest expression of musical thought" he concludes:

"Great music, like Beethoven's is an expression of something. To define this something would be very difficult. It may be philosophical, or something pertaining to the highest spiritual things. Only if we live such lives and are in tune with lofty ideals will we be able to grasp the divine beauty of the musical messages given us by the masters."

We recognize the same requirements for understanding the pure light of Truth itself.

Atlantis Supported

Pathfinders will be interested to hear that a society called Friends of Atlantis has been formed in France. (N.Y.Times, August 11, 1935). Paul Le Cour, the director and founder of the society points to the large number of myths and legends as well as plant, animal and language evidences suggested as proofs of the existence of this ancient continent which sank so long ago. He says:

"The ocean plateau which includes the Azores marks the spot where Atlantis seems to have been . . . . It seems certain that a lost civilization existed, and that either European civilization was carried to the Americas through the intermediary of the lost continent or else the lost continent was the birthplace of civilization, and its culture spread to the rest of the world."

EDITORS' NOTE

Some pathfinders perhaps, may wonder why the number of pages in our magazine has been reduced from ten to seven. Perhaps they will see a reason when told that the number of members on the Editorial Staff is also smaller this year. We hope to make these fewer pages hold more interest for Pathfinders. Some day, when more people are able to join the staff, we may again have our publication a ten page one. Until then seven will be a grand number.

WHAT ABOUT SNAKES?
(Continued from page 42)

didn't even try to understand."

Lynn nodded. "Then how can we help him to understand?"

"Oh! I remember," Sorrel cried, "I learned that a black snake was harmless from a Nature Magazine where it told of a farmer who put up a sign on his property: 'Please do not kill harmless snakes since they destroy disease bearing rodents."

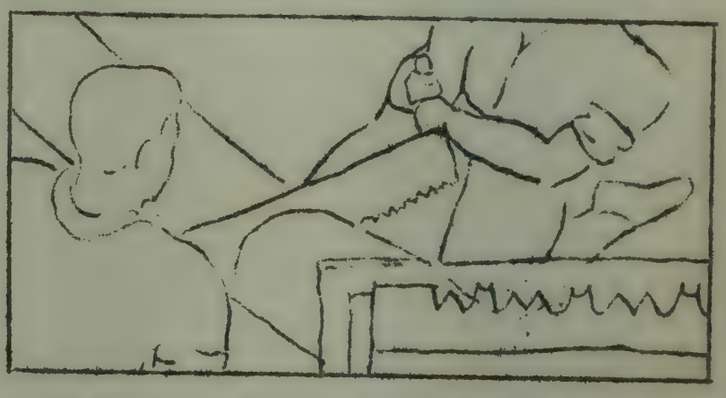
"Goodness! Sorrel, it looks as though black snakes were not only harmless but helpful to man!"

"You know, Lynn, I think I'll take that magazine around to our neighbor. It might interest him from his own point of view, if not from the snake's!" she called laughingly over her shoulder as she ran away to get the magazine.

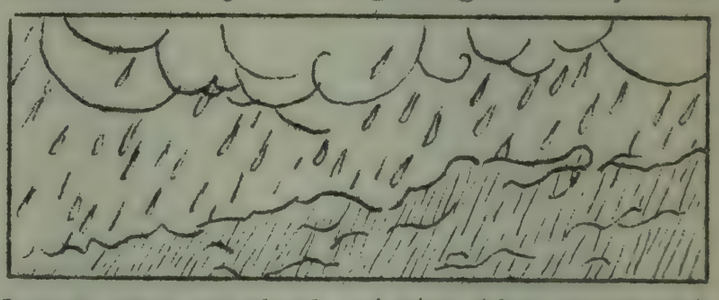
LIFE OF A VERMONT MAPLE TREE
(Continued from page 44)

sap for many, many years. This is an important industry in Vermont.

Maple wood is very valuable for flooring and furniture, so even when it can no longer be used for sap, its life is not over. In the winter, when there is not much else to do, the trees are cut. A two-man saw is used and because the maple is hard wood there are two cutting teeth to each clearing tooth. The latter is used for clearing away the sawdust as the saw moves, and is not so sharply dented. The tree is cut about a foot or so above the ground, the men kneeling as they saw.



After the tree is down the branches are chopped off, leaving only the bare log. This log is then hauled to the river bank where it is left till spring. In the spring when the river is swollen by the spring rains, the



logs are pushed into the current and float down the river to the mill. To prevent confusioh each log is tied with other logs in a raft-like formation, and each man marks his log with his own special sign.

Now begins the work of transformation. From a mere forest tree, the log is made into lumber which has many uses.

At the mill the logs are cut vertically into planks and finished. Then they go to the carpenters and builders and when we next see them, the transformation has been completed.

Now, in the form of a table chair, or floor, its life is continued.

TO

TAKE THE GREAT IDEAS

OF THEOSOPHY INTO EVERYDAY LIFE AND

MAKE THEM A MATTER OF PRACTICAL APPLICATION

Vol. V. Jan. 18, 1936 No. 6.

A NEW YEAR

Year one thousand nine hundred and thirty- five has vanished - where? Year one thousand nine hundred and thirty-six has just entered - from where? In just twelve months, year one thousand nine hundred and thirty-six will have vanished and a new year will have taken its place. So it continues; the old year is forgotten almost before the new year arrives, and it passes on soon to be followed by its successor.

The coming of the new year is of great importance. A new cycle is begun when a resolution made carries more weight than at any other time during the year. Usually a long list of resolutions is made, only to be broken before the end of the first month, or even week, and no thought is given to the true meaning of a resolution. If such an attitude is taken, what value can the new year and its resolutions have? Certainly not much. It would be far better not to make any at all, for then, at least, a promise to one's own self would not be broken.

It is a racial idea that one should greet the new year with noise and confusion and revelry. If, however, the new year were greeted with peace and quiet, and if each individual seriously resolved within himself, and kept his resolution, perhaps much of the noise and confusion of the world would be eliminated and the new year and its resolution would have a much deeper meaning than ever before.

Dwellers of the Sky

Dark, strong, and strikingly noble, the cedars stretched up into the night sky pierced by beams of pure light, the stars.

Standing upon the ground was a boy and his little sister, Sorrel. They gazed upon the brilliance of other worlds. A blazing, shooting star darted far across the sky and disappeared.

The boy, Lynn, spoke thoughtfully: "Just imagine," he said, "ages ago, we probably looked at these same stars, through different eyes, in other bodies. It is only our bodies that die and change, for here we are, hundreds of years later, again watching the stars."

"Then we must be as old as the stars," asked Sorrel, "or perhaps older?"

"We have no age at all, really, because we never started to exist. We always were. We have come into these bodies to learn, and we all know that our bodies begin at birth and end at death. Whatever has a beginning must have an end. But we, as souls, have neither beginning nor end. We are Eternal."

"Ah, but it's so strange," said Sorrel, "to think that I'm not just twelve years old the way people think, but older than the stars!"

"That's the whole trouble, Sorrel. It is strange to us. We barely realize that the soul is Immortal and Divine. Immortal as are the Gods!"

"Gods? I always used to think of the stars as Gods."

"That is a lovely way to think of them, but let us remember, that we too have a starry, God-like nature. only we don't realize it more because we don't try to act like gods. We may think of the Masters, who truly act like Gods, as the brightest stars - those who have unfolded their glory, and ourselves as the smaller stars shining more and more like the Gods we truly are. At present, whatever we desire, whatever we feel, that, for the time, we take to be real. But

(Continued on page 52)

SPRING-TIME JOY

In a few months spring will again open out her wonders; we will be taking delight in the growing things, the creeping things, the swimming, jumping and flying things. We will be charmed by the new, fresh, bright colors everywhere, and by the chirping, croaking, screaming swishing sounds that echo in our ears by day and by night.

Now is the time to get ready to begin thinking of our poets and their word pictures of nature. We are familiar, most of us, with our own Nature poets, but are we all familiar with those other great Nature-lovers, the Chinese and Japanese poets?

The Chinese never read their poetry as we do, iin an ordinary speaking voice, but chant it to themselves with speceific tunes.

The Japanese poems that are quoted here, from "The Bamboo Broom" by J. Henderson, are known as "haiku". These are complete little poems said to be "the concentrated essence of pure poetry."

Let us see what pictures the Chinese and Japanese give us:

FLOWERS AND MOONLIGHT ON THE SPRING RIVER

The evening river is level and motionless -
The spring colours just open to their full.
Suddenly a wave carries the moon away
And the tidal water comes with its freight of stars.

Yang-ti(Chinese)

JAPANESE HAIKU

一

Oh, these spring days!
A nameless little mountain,
In the morning haze -

二

An ancient pond;
Plash of the water
When a frog jumps in.

三

It's so very cool
That even the moon may be asleep
There in the pool.

四

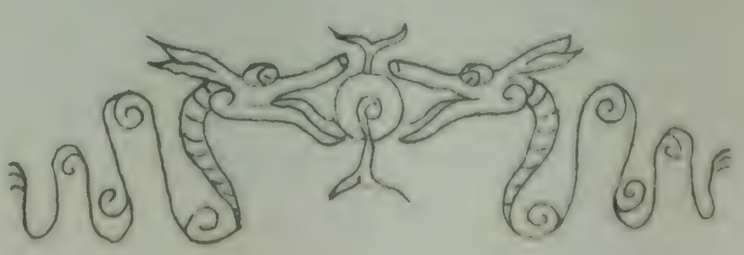
Above the veil
of mist, from time to time
There lifts a sail...

五

Lonesomely clings the dragon fly
To the underside of the leaf;
Ah! the autumn rain!

六

Play about, do,
From grass-leaf to grass-leaf! Oh!'
Jewels of dew!



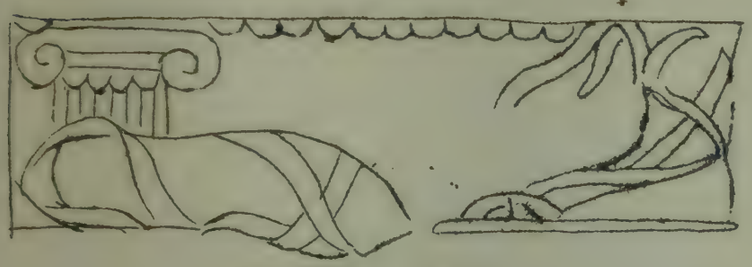
DEFENSELESS FISH?

In the sea there are few fish who eat weeds, sea plants and vegetables. The others ignore anything for dinner except fish. In order to protect themselves Nature has given them weapons of defense. If they do not have weapons they either change color or play tricks on their enemies.

The illustration shows some protective devices used by fish to keep alive. The fish with a smile is a porcupine fish. His brother is beside him. They have prickles all over their bodies. These lie flat except when the fish is frightened. Then he puffs up, which makes him look like a burr.

The fish below the porcupine fish is the "puffer"; his brother below him looks like a badly-made ball. He sees the hog fish coming around the rock so he puffs himself up, knowing instinctively that if the hog fish touches him, he will bounce off. The hog fish has sharp teeth and very spiky spines. This hungry creature is usually red in color, but he can make most wonderful changes. He can turn all shades, from deep brick red with crimson bars and splotched, to a pink so pale it is almost white.

The fish at the left is called "four eyes". He is pale yellow in color and has a beak-like mouth. His real eye is almost hidden by a black bar running through it. Near his tail is a false eye, a round black spot surrounded by a white ring that looks like a large eye. This eye is to confuse his enemies. They do not know whether he is coming or going. The dorsal fin on his back is fitted with sharp spines. He should be safe, for some fish let him go in and out of their jaws. The "four eyes" is the ocean toothbrush and whisk broom; with his beak-like mouth he cleans his friends.



LEATHER WORK

Pathfinders have found leather work one of their most interesting Building Day activities. With little or no artistic ability, many useful articles can be made. The craft affords an opportunity for developing steady, skillful control of the hands, as well as mental patience and originality.

As key containers were made by all Pathfinders in the Building Day class and as they require the very first steps in leather work, we shall describe the process. First of all, we found it unnecessary to buy leather work tools, for various things can easily be transformed or adapted successfully. For example, we made punches merely by grinding down nail points sharply and to the necessary width. Accompanied with a hammer, they made excellent lacing punches. Then, too, we found an ordinary nut pick adaptable as a tooling implement.

The leather must be cut with a sharp knife and preferably along a steel edge as this will avoid roughness and fraying. If the key case is to be lined, the lining should be cut a trifle larger. The key holder is riveted to the lining and the two pieces may be glued together with rubber cement and the edges trimmed. The punch used is the same width as the lacing and the distance between the holes is one and one half times the width of the punch. The amount of lacing necessary is four times the length around the case.

The next step is the tooling. On the key cases, most of the Pathfinders worked their initials over a small piece of leather inserted between the lining and the outside. The design may easily be transferred by going over a design on paper lightly with a pencil. To finish the leather, floor wax will give it a finished appearance, or it may be dyed.

Pathfinders have found leatherwork a fascinating craft and many interesting things can be made such as notebooks, purses, and even Grecian sandals. The project described requires of course the most primary steps in leather work. It is not only a practical and useful craft because of what can be made, but still more valuable because it develops creativeness, ingenuity, and self-control. The craft has an extensive range of possibilities, and each year we intend to experiment and accomplish more.

DWELLERS OF THE SKY

(Cont. from p. 49)

our ideas change and soon it is no longer real to us and something equally passing has replaced it. Not until we think of the God-like, eternal Soul as the Real in us will we start to act as Gods."

"Yes," added Sorrel, "if we knew we were eternal there would never be any need to hurry -- plenty of time to be patient and do things well, never too busy to act kindly for another person. Goodness! Lynn, if we did each thing as well as we could, as it comes to us, we would be acting like Gods!"

"Yes, Sorrel," Lynn said quietly, "we would."

THE BRINGING UP OF A FAMILY OF WRENS

The mother wren was brown on top while the tail and wings were barred. Underneath she was a dull gray. She was about three inches long and was very bold. She used to come and sit on our chairs when we ate outside.

Mother Wren was a very beneficial bird as she used to eat all the insects in the garden and lawn. She had a very loud, clear voice which was always bubbling over with enthusiasm. Her nest was in a bird-house overlooking the garden. It was made of grass, weeds, sticks, straws and other things; it filled the bird-house so that there was only enough room for the mother bird and her eggs. In it she laid her eggs - six of them, dotted with a light brown.

While she sat on the eggs the father bird supplied her with food. When the eggs hatched both the birds were busy feeding the baby wrens insects, carrying the dung away, and guarding the nest. When the birds had grown their wings, they were taught by their parents to fly. The parents hopped from one branch to another, and the little birds followed until they could fly short distances.

Finally the only way we could tell the difference between the birds was that the younger ones beaks were yellow in color and the parent birds' beaks were brown. One day, however, the young birds flew away. Soon after the mother and father followed.

The moon is casting silver lines
Across the darkened sky.
The sun has long since fled
Beneath the hills she painted red,
Here it is night.

The treetops gently stir,
As the misty midnight breeze
Wraps round their sleeping leaves;
And softly circles the dark
Damp trunk of mossy bark.

Creeping roots explore unseen,
in rotting leaves and
rich black earth,
Where tiny seeds are brought to
birth.
The small white shoot looks up;
and growing tall,
It breaks right through the dark
earth wall
Into the sun.

But now it's night
With only firefly bugs and stars
for light.
Wrapped in a mist that refreshes
the leaves—
A cooling mist brought quietly
over the trees
By the breeze of the night.

TEPE GAWRA

Charles Boche, field director of the Assyrian Expedition now excavating the ancient series of cities in Tepe Gawra-a Kurdish name meaning "great mound"-Iraq, described the work in "This Week" the New York Herald-Tribune Magazine section of Sept. 15,1935:

"We began at the top (of the immense mound) and worked downward. The topmost ruin, which was hidden under a thin layer of soil deposited by centuries of wind storms, was a single structure, seemingly a watchtower. But a few feet underneath it we came upon four small buildings arranged around a court. . . . Each level, as it was excavated, was carefully studied as to architectural detail. . . . In this way we have progressed through twelve layers - twelve successive cities - twelve superimposed civilizations - and have been rewarded with wonderful finds increasingly so as we penetrated deeper into the mound. In the upper levels the remains lacked distinction, as though the more recent occupants of this ancient site were a less cultured and less competent people than its earlier settlers."

"The architecture of this twelfth-level city far surpasses that of the later cities which surmounted it. The walls are thicker and more massively built. Particularly interesting was a large central structure, a room about thirty feet long and fourteen feet wide. We call it the White Room because its walls are finished in white plaster - the earliest evidence we have of the use of lime. . . . We have found numerous spindle whorls, suggesting that the people were acquainted with spinning, and we have found impressions of the texture of cloth on clay, proving that they were able to weave. . . Most of the designs of the painted pottery are geometric triangles and squares and other conventional figures. . . . In October we shall resume work, planning to penetrate next winter into the thirteenth level and perhaps to uncover one or two cities below it. There remain, as indicated by the exploratory trench, at least a dozen levels yet to be excavated - a good five years more of work."

(Editors Note: Underscoring is ours. See Vol. 5, page 10 of THEOSOPHICAL PATHFINDERS where we first mentioned Tepe Gawra.)

FLOWERS' MEMORY

From Moberly,Mo., came a United Press Report (printed in the New York World-Telegram Aug. 27,1935) about a man who worked in his garden daily for forty-one years until his death.

"The next day the plants in his garden began to wither. Relatives gave them every attention,but every effort to revive them failed. Today all were dead."

Why?

TO

TAKE THE GREAT IDEAS

OF THEOSOPHY INTO EVERYDAY LIFE AND

MAKE THEM A MATTER OF PRACTICAL APPLICATION

Vol. V. Feb. 29, 1936 No. 7.

EVERY FOURTH YEAR

Why should it be necessary for this scientific age to have a leap year? What is lacking in our knowledge of cycles that our calendar is so inaccurate and faulty? Perhaps we have set a tardy example to Nature too many times and have now forgotten ourselves what it means to be "on time". Let us look at our time system and see some of its complications.

Our year is three-hundred and sixty-five days long and a few odd hours more. In four years these hours accumulate to a little more than twenty-four hours, so an extra day is added to February. But this makes the year have a few too many minutes and every hundred years the Leap Year has to be left out. Even then our calendar is not quite right. It has not yet stood the test of time for it is only four centuries old. Pope Gregory originated it in the 16th century; before that Europe had used a calendar introduced by Julius Caesar, called the Julian Calendar. It is interesting to know that at the time of the Spanish Conquest of America the Julian Calendar was about a week "off". The calendar of the Mayans was far more accurate and had existed for thousands of years. Their days and months came in even cycles, unlike ours. Also, their calculations were based on astronomy, so that historical events can be undeniably traced through their relation to astronomical cycles. The Mayans had several calendars, one according to the sun, one for moon cycles, and another for Venus, and others of stellar periods and ceremonial years.

Does it not seem a curious thing that our modern civilization has to look to the ancients for accuracy as well as for so many other things that we admire?

THE SONG SEEKER
(Adapted from a Navajo Legend)

In the Beginning of Newness, Hasjelti, son of White Corn, and Hostjoghon, son of Yellow Corn, were born upon the mountain which is the meeting place of fogs. Many moons these Gods dwelt upon the peak listening with open ears to the councils of the fogs who travel everywhere, and hearing the wind's song, the mountain's song, the birds' songs and the pine's song. And so these two grew very wise and powerful and became the song-makers of the world. Then they left their cloud-home and went about to other great mountains, and for each they made two songs and a prayer.

Now, far away from the Council Mountain of the Fogs lived the Navajos in the land of painted sand and little hills. Among the young men of the Tolchini Clan was one known as Loka, the singer. He sang the tribal songs, but he was not satisfied; said he to himself "I have only three songs, one to greet the sun, one to praise the Great Spirit, and one to call the rain God. They are too short, they are not enough. I would like to have a song to the fire that warms our lodges; I would like to have a song to the stars, our little brothers of the sky; I would like to have songs to the coyote, the bear and the eagle; I would like to have a song to tell my love to the maiden, Tanapa. I will go and seek more songs."

So Loka set out and travelled far, asking many questions. To each one he met, he said, "Brother, where may I find new songs? Can you teach me one?"

And each answered, "I cannot teach songs, seek out Hasjelti, the song-maker, He is the one to teach you. His lodge is on the Council Mountain of Fogs."

Loka travelled on, stopping many times to ask the way and gradually he left the land of Colored Sand and entered the land of little bushes. Still those he asked said, "Northward lies that which you seek." He passed into the land of fire-trees or pines and the green forests closed around him. Finally he looked up through the branches and beheld a great peak with its summit lost in gray billowy mists. He said, "That must be the mountain", and began to climb its steep sides. At last he paused to rest and a great-chested being appeared before him clad in white tunic, white fringed leggings, and wearing an eagle-tail headdress. By his apparel Loka knew him to be Hasjelti. The Navajo said, "Oh great Hasjelti, I come to seek new songs, for I know but few and they are too short."

"If you are a brave man", said Hasjelti, the song-maker, "I will show you where you may find new songs."

"I am brave; I will follow you" answered the Tolchini youth.

Hasjelti said, "Follow, then" and took him to the banks of the great Colorado river where they came upon the four Gods called Hostjoboken hewing cottonwood. Hasjelti, seeing them, said, "Do you not know that cottonwood is

soft and becomes water-soaked? You must use pine logs." The Hostjoboken then began boring out a pine log with flint, but the Song-Maker, perceiving what slow work it was, commanded a whirlwind to hollow out the log. In an instant it was smooth and hollow. The Hostjoboken then found another pine log and joined the two at their centers making a strong cross with each arm the same length. When this was done Hasjelti said to the youth, "Crawl inside the logs if you are not afraid."

Loka crawled into the hollow arm of the cross, the God sealed up the end with a cloud, and it was very dark inside. Then the Hostjoboken and their wives, the Hostjoboard, launched the logs upon the great river and mounted them, each couple on one arm of the cross. The craft floated off; Hasjelti, his fellow song-maker Hostjoghon, and the two Naaskiddi walked along the shore, the Naaskiddi keeping the cross in midstream with staffs of lightning. Hasjelti carried a squirrel skin filled with tobacco for the use of the Gods on their journey and Hostjoghon carried a gaming ring with two humming birds attached to it with white cords.

The water lapped softly against the logs as they drifted along with a gentle rocking motion and Loka, lying in the dark hollow, was soon lulled to sleep. Once they passed through Angry Water. The logs swayed this way and that and crashed against sharp rocks, the water charged furiously at the outside of the logs. The Indian woke in a great fright, but remembering his promise to Hasjelti, he closed his lips and resolved not to cry out. The pines were strong and firmly bound together, the rapid could not prevail against them, and soon they were again floating in calm water.

At last they stopped, the Hostjoboken pulled the cross up on the beach, Hasjelti plucked the cloud from the end of the log and bid Loka crawl out. The song-seeker obeyed, and after blinking his eyes a moment in the bright sunlight he perceived that they were on the edge of Lake-With-Only-One-Shore, and in the land of people much like himself.

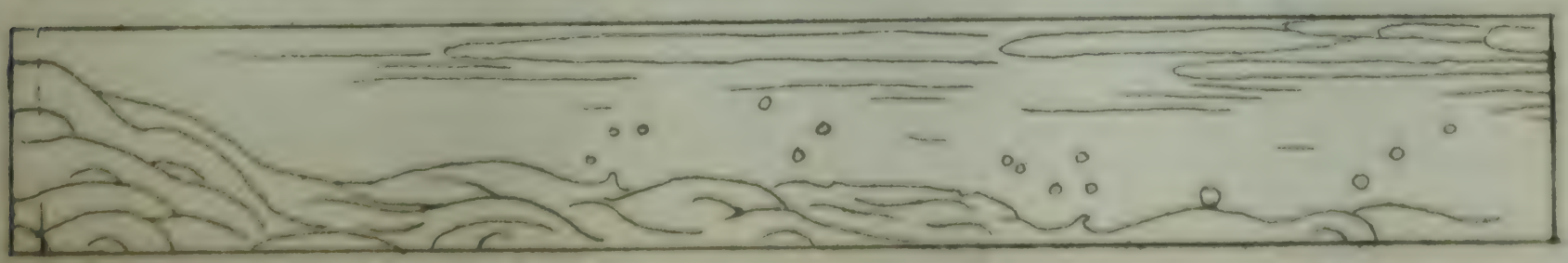
"These people will teach you many songs," said Hasjelti, and then he and the other Gods vanished leaving Loka and the floating cross upon the beach.

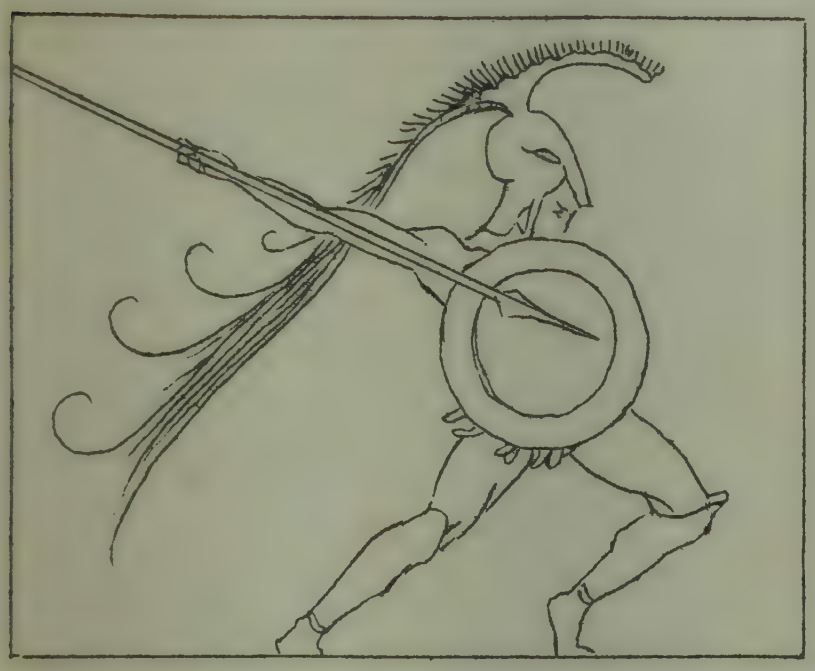
The song-people advanced to the Navajo. "What seek ye, Oh brother?" said the Old-Man of the tribe.

"The great song-makers brought me here that I might be taught new songs," replied Loka.

So for many moons the Tolchini youth stayed with the people on the edge of the Lake-With-Only-One-Shore and he learned many things. They taught him the song of the bear, the deer, and the coyote, the songs of sowing and reaping, the song the wind sings in the Pinyons. They

(Continued on page 60)





THESEUS AND THE MINOTAUR

In the Greek myths of Theseus and his encounter with the monster Minotaur, we have another symbol of the eternal struggle between the higher and the lower natures of man.

The Greek story runs thus:

A long time ago, in the city of Troezene, there lived a little boy named Theseus. His mother's name was Ithra and they used to go to the wood and sit upon a great rock, deeply sunken into the ground. Here she would tell Theseus about his father, AEgeus, a great king who lived in Athens. Theseus loved to hear about his father and asked why he did not come and live with them. His mother told him that a king has his people to rule over, and cannot leave them. Then Theseus wanted to go himself to Athens and see his father. Perhaps, some day, his mother would say, when you are strong enough for the long trip. And when shall I be strong enough, he would ask. When you can lift the rock we are sitting on, was the answer.

Now the rock was very big and heavy. It was all over-grown with moss. Day after day he struggled to move it, year after year, until he had grown tall and broad. Then one day with a terrific effort he heaved it over on its side. And what do you think he found under it? Two golden sandals and a beautiful sword. They had belonged to his father. Now was the time for Theseus to go to him! He bade farewell to his mother and left for Athens.

It would take far too long to tell of the wonderful adventures he had on the way, but he arrived safely and his father was overjoyed to see him. He soon learned of a great burden on the kingdom. Each year the people had to pay a tribute of seven handsome youths and seven beautiful maidens to King Minos of Crete. When this sad time came around Theseus insisted upon being one of the seven young men to go to Crete. He wished to free his country of this dreadful tribute, for these fourteen young people were sacrificed to feed a monster called the Minotaur.

When they arrived in Crete, King Minos personally inspected the victims. By the king's side stood his fair daughter, Ariadne, who pitied the victims and was sad that such a noble youth as Theseus must perish. Theseus asked to be the first for he hoped to kill the monster and so save the others. The Minotaur lived in a labyrinth which was a great building with many many rooms. One who entered would always be lost and could not find his way out. There he would be caught and devoured by the Minotaur. But Ariadne pitied Theseus, so before he entered the labyrinth she gave him a sharp sword and a ball of twine. He held the twine in his hand

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The Pindilla cock strutted up and down the seashore, the last of his race. The whole flock of cocks used to fly to an island every year. There were bananas, coconuts, dates and other fruits, of which the Pindilla cocks were fond. Each summer the cocks feasted for one whole week on these fruits. But one summer two great rocs flew from the east and killed off all the cocks while they were sleeping.

There was one cock that was sick and could not go on the trip that year. When news reached the mainland of the fate of all the Pindilla cocks, the one who had stayed on shore became proud, thinking, "I am the last of my race. I will be respected by all the other birds. I am worthy of honor." All day long he paraded the seashore and thought, "I must take strict care of myself for if I go far inland the natives will shoot me, not respecting my importance, so I will stay by the shore. But if I fly too close to the water I am in danger of the crocodiles. And alas, if I fly out into the open I am in danger of the hawks!"

A little brown frog by the shore said to the cock, "Why do you strut up and down the shore all the day? Do you not realize you are wasting your life away?" Not waiting for an answer the frog plunged into the water.

At first the cock did not heed the little frog's words, but after a while he began to think them over. He thought, "That frog was like thousands of others. Why cannot I act that way and be happy like that little frog? Even if I am the last Pindilla cock I shall live my life as I see fit." He had broken the bonds of ignorance. He soared high and free into the clear blue.

THESEUS AND THE MINOTAUR

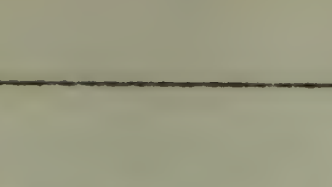
(Cont. from p. 58)

and after a terrific struggle he killed the monster with the sharp sword. Then he found his way out again by the thread to Ariadne. She was waiting for him at the entrance holding the other end of the thread. Together with the six young men and the seven maidens they escaped from the prison and sailed happily back to Athens.

Here we see that the Minotaur is the lower self, the feelings, desires, which are indeed strong and fierce. He roams in the labyrinth, the material world, or the sphere of illusion. It is hard to escape from the labyrinth unaided, but if we are enamoured of Ariadne, or intuition, she will assist us - she will furnish us with the sword of spiritual knowledge, which will kill out illusion, delusion, and doubts. She will also give us the clue, (consisting of devotion and service), by which we may escape from the labyrinth, the snare of delusion. We may then take Ariadne as the companion of the Way, and sail for Athens, or the kingdom of the Self.

PathFinder Verse....

Most of the plants are dead,
The frost bit them, they said.
All the leaves have fallen off
the trees.
From far away you can see
The birds going down to the
south.
Where it's warm they love to
go;
Have you seen them flying so?



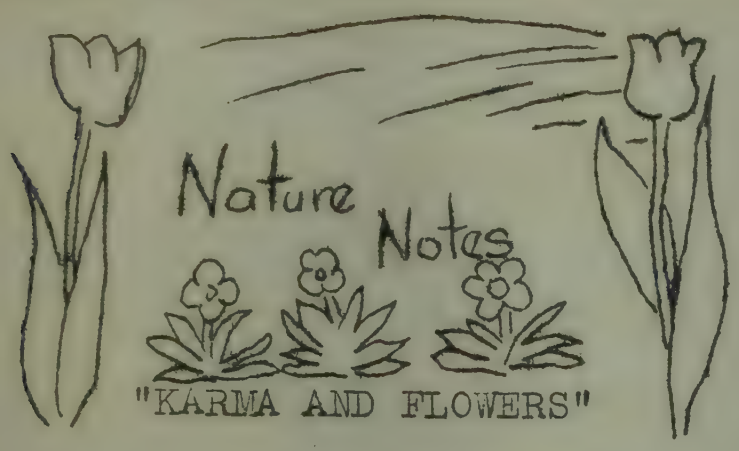
Little salt tears are falling
Into the ocean.
The surf wave curls again,
The white spray flies into
the air
And falls, in little salt tears
Back to the ocean.

THE SONG SEEKER
(Continued from P. 57)

taught him songs to sing when going into battle and songs to woo Navajo maiden. Songs of the beginning, he learned, of how old man Coyote stole the fire and how the earth was dried after the flood by Kapina, the Spider; songs of the heroes of his people to be sung in his lodge at night. They taught him also the pictures to illustrate the songs and how to use red, yellow, and white sand and black charcoal to make paintings with. They showed him how blue was made by mixing white sand, black charcoal, and a little red and yellow sand.

At last the time came for him to depart. The song people took him to the shore and sealed him in the floating cross, but it would not float upstream; suddenly four sunbeams came and attached themselves to the four arms of the cross. They drow it up the river to the point from whence it had embarked. Then Loka emerged from the log and placed the solid end of one in the hollow end of the other and planted this great medicine-pole in the river where it may be seen to this day. He sang a song to the river and set out on his journey to his people.

When he finally arrived and had sung his songs to the Tolchini and showed them his sand paintings, he was received with great joy and rejoicing. He completely won the heart of Tanapa with his wonderful love songs and was known as the greatest singer in the land of painted sand.



"KARMA AND FLOWERS"

Dr. Frederick Graves writes in the Chambers's Journal that he remembers when the flowers of his English countryside exhaled a "strong and characteristic perfume". Since his childhood, however, the scent of the rose, mignonette, sweetbriar and others seem to have faded. He says: "One can understand how the highly cultivated and hybridised forms of the garden and greenhouse bloom have lost some of their properties, since it seems that Nature will not stand too much interference, and we must pay in some form for the extra size and color, etc., of the show bloom and the gorgeous new varieties. But the humble wayside flowers of the countryside?"

Nature always balances her gifts. If man interferes, she restores equilibrium as best she can. In this case it seems that balance is kept by other flowers sacrificing their perfume, and man has his new and beautiful varieties, but at the expense of the country flowers.

HOW STRONG ARE HONEY BEES?

Nearly everyone knows that a bee gathers pollen as well as honey. But since it is a little dangerous to catch a bee you may not have seen the place where she carries the pollen. It is called a bread-basket.

The bread- basket is made of hairs on the bee's hind legs, and the pollen grains are so formed that they stick to the hairs and form a large ball. It has been found that an average weight of pollen is just as heavy as a seventeen pound weight is to a nine or ten year old boy. Bees could not carry such large loads if it were not for their strong wings.

In the November, 1935 issue of "The Penn-Trail" published by a Boston florist named Penn, there is an item which shows how we may express beauty even in the simplest things of daily life.

"A FLOWER BOWL IN BOTH HANDS"

"Harry Overstreet tells about a woman who spent a happy summer taking lessons from a Japanese friend in the art of arranging flowers....

"This woman learned that every Japanese flower arrangement is the symbolizing of the three great forces, earth, man, heaven. This woman never arranged flowers afterwards without thinking of them as an expression of the pervading unities of existence.

She also learned that in handling the loveliness of flowers, one must pay them the tribute of being graceful oneself. She would never walk across a room holding a flower bowl in one hand. Such a bowl should be held in both hands, in the physical position that is a compound both of offering and support.

And isn't that the way we should walk through life - both our hands extended to help and to give to those who need?

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